THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

AUGUST, 1802.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS

OF

FRANCIS BACON,

BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, AND LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

It is more glorious to have extended the limits of human wit, than to have enlarged the bounds of the Roman world.

CÆSAR.

IN the contemplation of superior genius and extraordinary acquirements, we feel a peculiar kind of veneration. Distant ages have not the power of consigning intellectual eminence to oblivion. There are indeed talents which enable men to figure away for a few years on the theatre of life, and their fame expires with their dissolution. But the subject of our memoir was not of that ordinary cast:

he lives in his writings, which convey with an increasing lustre the glory of his name to an admiring posterity.

LORD BACON was born in the year 1561, at York House, in the Strand. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal; and his mother, the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, tutor to King Edward VI. of pious memory. Of the superiority of his genius, young BACON gave early indications.—Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with his smart replies, that she termed him her young lord keeper. One saying of his is particularly recorded: her majesty one day asking him his age, he readily answered, that he was just two years younger than her majesty's *happy reign!*

At twelve years of age he entered the university of Cambridge, being placed at Trinity College, where, in the course of four years, he ran through the circle of the sciences. It is even supposed that at this early period he saw the futility of the school learning, which he afterwards so successfully held up to the scorn and derision of the world. Hence he is usually denominated the first reformer of philosophy. He certainly laid the foundation, by his profound speculations for all subsequent improvements.

Upon leaving the university, he visited the continent, particularly France, whereby he improved himself in a knowledge of the world. In his works is to be found a paper containing observations on Europe, written about this period, full of solid reflections. But on his fa-

ther's decease, he returned to England, and applied to the study of the law, in which he soon attained to celebrity. Having been named by Queen Elizabeth her learned council extraordinary, he was in 1593 chosen member of parliament for Middlesex; and his eloquence in the house of commons attracted attention. His intimacy with the queen, to whose presence he was frequently admitted, seemed naturally to place him in the road to preferment: but the envy of his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, and his connection with the unfortunate Earl of Essex, blasted the expectations which he had indulged. For various reasons, he was kept in a state of depression. Every attempt to get forward failed of success. Indeed he was so disgusted with his disappointment in not obtaining either the place of attorney-general nor even that of solicitor-general, that he once entertained a design of relinquishing his profession, and of retiring to Cambridge with a view of dedicating the remainder of his days to science and philosophy.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth, BACON was very early in application for favor to James I. whom he courted with the usual adulation. On the 23d of July, 1603, the king conferred knighthood on him at Whitehall.—Though he had rendered himself justly unpopular, by vindicating the court who had put Essex to death, yet the odium of that affair was now passing away. He was made one of his majesty's learned council in the law, and had a

pension granted him for services which he had performed.

At this period the subject of our memoir recommended himself to the king by dedicating to him his famous performance, the *Proficiency and Advancement of Learning*. This piece brought him a high degree of Fame both at home and abroad. It was speedily translated into Latin, and contains those germs of science which the moderns have expanded with so much success and ability. It is, however, to be regretted, that Sir Edward Coke began to envy him for his talents and popularity. This circumstance gave rise to a mutual antipathy, which came to a termination only with their lives. Such a littleness of mind in great men exceeds credibility.

In 1607, the place for which he had long sighed was assigned him, being appointed solicitor-general, in consequence of unwearied application. But the promotion was not suffered to interrupt his services in parliament. He continued to exercise his talents there with an undiminished alacrity. It was he who excited that spirit which at length procured the dissolution of the court of wards—justly esteemed a point of the highest consequence to the liberties of the kingdom.

The year 1610 saw Sir Francis making his appearance in the literary world by the publication of the *Wisdom of the Antients*—a work of great merit, though we may not allow there is quite so much physical, moral, and political meaning veiled under the fables of antiquity.

The ensuing year he obtained the office of judge of the marshal's court; but in the year 1613 he was raised to the station of attorney-general. Whilst he held this office, he made uncommon exertions to abolish the infamous practice of duelling. This practice originated in the darkness of the middle ages; and we are sorry that, in spite of laws human and divine, it continues to disgrace the civilized nations of the world.

Though the office of attorney-general was exceedingly lucrative, yet the ambition of Sir Francis induced him to fix his eye on the chancellorship of England. To this end he paid servile homage to the king and his courtiers, which at last succeeded. He was elevated to this high station in March, 1617, on the resignation of Egerton, a man of talents and integrity. He went to Westminster Hall in great state, and there took possession of the seals, attended by a vast concourse of nobility, and other persons of distinction.

But neither the weight of business nor the pomp of a court could divert this great man's mind from the study of philosophy: in the year 1620 he published his grand work, the *Novum Organum Scientiarum*. He was twelve years bringing it to perfection. This publication was wonderfully well received: the king wrote him a handsome letter of thanks; and Sir Henry Wotton, no mean judge, pays him very high compliments, declaring that "nature had never before so noble nor so true an interpreter,, or never so inward a secretary of her cabinet."

This consummate work, however, is of so profound a cast, that it requires a considerable grasp of thought to comprehend it. Hence Voltaire draws the following just character of it in his letters concerning the English nation. he says that "the most singular and the best of all LORD BACON'S pieces is that which is most useless and least read, I mean his *Novum Organum Scientiarum*. This is the scaffold with which the new philosophy was raised; and when the edifice was built (part of it, at least), the scaffold was no longer of service. LORD BACON was not yet acquainted with nature, but then he knew and pointed out the several paths which led to it. He had despised in his younger years the thing called philosophy in the universities, and did all that lay in his power to prevent those societies of men, instituted to improve human reason, from depraving it by their quiddities, their horrors of vacuum, their substantial forms, and all those impertinent terms which not only ignorance had rendered venerable, but which had been made sacred by their being ridiculously blended along with religion."

But whilst LORD BACON was thus acquiring the most extensive fame, and ensuring the admiration of the learned world, his fortune suffered a melancholy reverse, though for his conduct many palliations may be suggested. In the year 1621 he was accused of taking bribes in causes which had depended before him as chancellor. He acknowledged the corruption charged on him in twenty-eight articles, threw

himself on the mercy of the house, and sued for no other favor but "that his penitent confession might be his sentence, and the loss of the seals his punishment." His lordship, therefore, resigned the seals, and on the day after the following sentence was pronounced: "That the Viscount Saint Albans, Lord Chancellor of England, shall undergo a fine or ransom of £40,000; that he shall be imprisoned in the tower during the King's pleasure; that he shall be for ever incapable of any office, place, or employment in the state or commonwealth; and that he never shall sit in Parliament, or come within the verge of the court."—This was surely a sentence of uncommon severity. After a close investigation of this unfortunate business by various authors, it is pretty generally acknowledged that his servants had been the chief cause of his degradation. Hence one day during his trial, as he was passing through a room where several of his domestics were sitting, upon their getting up to salute him—"Sit down, my masters," he cried, "*your* rise hath been *my* fall!" Of the truth of this pointed sarcasm, it may be added, by way of proof, that his pocket was not enriched by the irregularities of which he stands charged. It is therefore justly observed by one of his biographers—"It was peculiar to this great man to have nothing narrow or selfish in his composition: he gave away without concern whatever he possessed; and believing other men of the same mould, he received it with as little consideration." It also appears that the *gifts* received were taken

for interlocutory orders. His decrees were generally made with so much equity, that tho' the *gifts* rendered him suspected of injustice, yet never any decree made by him was reversed as unjust; nay some decrees had been given against the corrupters, and resentment for this had brought them to accuse him in the committee of the house of commons. In estimating the guilt of so great a personage, these palliative circumstances are deserving of attention.

It remains to be stated after what manner his lordship bore his adversity, and how he passed the remainder of his life. These are incidents entitled to our consideration.

His lordship was soon released from the tower, and even obtained access to his majesty, though he was not permitted to come within the verge of the court. This was not to be so much regretted, for *there* he had learnt the follies by which he had disgraced himself. He was, however, suffered to remain at London six weeks, and he then retired, by the king's command, to his own house at Gorhambury.—An anecdote concerning his withdrawment from the metropolis is worthy of preservation:—Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) coming to London, saw at a distance a coach followed by a considerable number of people on horseback; and upon enquiry, was informed it was the Lord St. Albans attended by his friends; on which his highness smiled and said, "Well, do what we can, this man scorns to go out like a snuff!" Indeed he appears to have borne his

adversity with fortitude; and when withdrawn from the glare of public observation, devoted himself with vigor to the service of the learned world.

One day, being interrupted in some experiments by a person coming to inform him, that an application which he had earnestly made to the king could not be granted, he calmly said to the person engaged with him in the experiments, "Well, Sir, *yon* business wont go on; let us therefore go on with this, for *this* is in our power." There is also a letter extant on the subject of his misfortunes, written with no small dignity of mind. He draws a modest but just comparison between his own case and the case of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Seneca, those illustrious but unfortunate characters of antiquity. It serves to show his spirt and employ in his retirement.

The first considerable work after his disgrace was the *History of Henry VII.* undertaken at the request of King James, and published in the year 1622. It is a performance which has been highly and deservedly applauded. He also enriched and methodised other pieces, and composed several new ones. He enjoyed his retirement only five years—"A little time (says one of his biographers); yet he found means to croud into it what might have been the whole business and the glory too of a long and fortunate life!"

The reader will be gratified when he is informed that the fine was not only remitted soon after his discharge from the tower, but in about

three years after this period the whole sentence was done away. He had petitioned the king for a total remission, using these remarkable expressions—"That this blot of ignominy might be removed from him and from his memory with posterity!" It has therefore been justly observed, that posterity (to which he appealed) has seemed unwilling to remember that he ever offended; and those who have recorded his failings, like those who have made observations on the spots in the sun, neither pretend to diminish his real brightness in himself, nor deny his universal influence on the world of learning.

To judge from this great man's expressions and conduct, he seems to have indulged a proper humility in the latter part of his life. When a celebrated Frenchman visited him, he was ill, and his curtains were drawn: "You resemble the angels," said the visitor to him; "we hear those beings continually talked of, we believe them superior to mankind, and we never have the consolation to see them." To this LORD BACON replied, "That if the *charity* of others compared him to an angel, his own *infirmities* told him he was a MAN!" This was happily remarked, and is strongly expressive of the sense he entertained of his own imperfections. Infirmities are the lot of humanity.

LORD BACON died on the 9th of April, 1626, in the 66th year of his age, at the Earl of Arundel's house, Highgate. Hither he had been taken upon his very sudden indisposition, which in the course of one week terminated in his dissolution. It was brought on by pur-

suing to excess experiments touching the conservation of bodies. In the last letter he ever wrote, addressed to the nobleman under whose roof he died, he compares himself to Pliny the elder, who lost his life by enquiring too incautiously into the first great eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He was buried privately in Saint Michael's church, St. Albans, where Sir Thomas Meautys, a private man (formerly his servant), erected a monument to his memory. The writer of this biographical sketch lately inspected it with admiration. It is of white marble, representing him sitting in a chair, with his head reclining upon his hand, being the usual attitude in which he pursued his profound meditations. The name of the sculptor is unknown—so speedily are the works of man consigned to oblivion. BACON was married, and his lady survived him.

The works of this great man are now in the course of publication, of which his admired *Essays*, the *Novum Organum*, and a volume of *Miscellaneous Writings*, are already extant; and we feel it our duty, in this place, to say that much credit is due to the publishers for the very elegant manner in which these volumes are executed; and although it cannot add to the merits of the author, yet they furnish a most convincing proof of the improved state of the typographical art at the present day.

The labours of this enlightened and luminous character are a rich legacy to posterity.

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 65.

RURAL TALES, BALLADS, AND SONGS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

HAVING afforded the reader an idea of the *Ode to Peace, Richard and Kate, Walter and Jane,* and the *Miller's Maid,* we proceed to the smaller pieces which make up the remaining contents of the volume—not that we mean to notice every individual effusion, but to bring forward a few extracts from those which are most deserving of attention.

The *Widow to her Hour-glass* is moral and impressive—witness the following lines:—

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in wisdom's eyes!
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again:
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years, still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain!

Market Night paints the emotions of the affectionate wife looking out for the return of her spouse from market, on a dark and stormy evening:—

O guardian spirits! ye that dwell
Where woods, and pits, and hollow ways,
The lone night-traveller's fancy swell
With fearful tales of older days—

Press round him, guide his willing steed
Thro' darkness, dangers, currents, snows,
Wait where, from shelt'ring thickets freed,
The dreary heath's rude whirlwind blows.

After having been sorely agitated by fears concerning his arrival, she naturally exclaims:

Distressing hour! uncertain fate!
O mercy, mercy, guide him home!
Hark!—then I heard the distant gate—
Repeat it, echo—quickly come!

One minute now will ease my fears,
Or still more wretched must I be!
No—surely Heaven has spar'd our tears—
I see him cloth'd in snow—'*tis* he!

Where have you staid?—put down your load—
How have you borne the storm and cold?
What horrors did I not forebode!
That beast is worth his weight in gold.

The poor man, exulting in his return to his wife and children, experiences the most sensible emotions of joy, and thus expresses them:

What, all asleep!—so best (he cried):
O, what a night I've travell'd through!
Unseen, unheard, I might have died,
But Heaven has brought me safe to you!

Dear partner of my nights and days,
That smile becomes thee—let us then
Learn, tho' mishap may cross our ways,
It is not ours to reckon when!

The *Fackenham Ghost* finely ridicules the usual tales related concerning sprites and hobgoblins. An ancient dame is frightened out of her wits at something purring at her heels on a dark night which turns out to be no other than an ass's foal who had lost its dam in the park!

The *French Mariner* affords a mournful gratification to our sensibility; the consequences of war are here forcibly depicted by a narration of individual suffering. Such affecting little pieces shew us that the blessings of peace ought to be pronounced beyond all estimation.

Lines to *Whittlebury Forest*, the seat of the Duke of Grafton, containing some just sentiments in animated verse; they are addressed to his own children, and will be read by them, at a more advanced period of life, with a pleasing satisfaction.

The other pieces are *songs*, written with ease and simplicity. The last, entitled a *Winter Song*, is excellent—the concluding verse is well worth our insertion:—

Abundance was never my lot,
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no cure may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven.
The fool and slave gather wealth,
But if I add nought to my store,
Yes while I keep conscience in health,
I've a *mine* that will never grow poor!

Such is the *second* volume which the *Farmer's Boy* has laid before the public; so far from detracting from his former merit, it serves to en-

hance our idea of his poetical ability. These effusions are recommended to youth on account of their virtuous tendency: they are eminently conducive to moral and intellectual improvement.

Islington. J. E.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON THE CREATION.

THAT the Almighty appears great in all the works of creation, and that every particle of matter, whether animate or inanimate, bears striking traits of divine wisdom and contrivance, and offers subjects of contemplation to an inquiring mind, is universally acknowledged. The skill and ingenuity discovered in the formation of insects, fishes, birds, and beasts; the astonishing variety of their species, and the profuse liberality of the Creator in providing them with cloathing and dispositions suitable to their various circumstances and situations:

> Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force,
> All in exact proportion to the state,
> Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
>
> POPE.

The beautiful kingdom of ores, fossils, and minerals, and the vegetable tribes, in which elegance and utility so eminently combine, all conspire to hymn the praises of the Deity, and fill the mind with awe and veneration of the great First Cause. But the heavens in a peculiar manner display his infinite power and wis-

dom, and rouse us from insensibility to admiration and wonder. They have a most happy tendency to sharpen and elevate our understandings, to raise us above every mean and sordid idea, and enable us to relish the exquisite pleasures of refined taste.

The soul of man was made to walk the skies,
Delightful outlet of her prison here,
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of joys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers.

YOUNG.

What a grand and noble spectacle is presented to our view in the nocturnal heavens! so many vast and splendid bodies all suspended in ether, performing a variety of revolutions with the exactest order and regularity; all governed by one single and invariable principle of gravitation; nothing superfluous or redundant, sublimity and simplicity are the prominent features; these in the most emphatic manner proclaim a God—these are powerfully eloquent of his munificent greatness:—

The glittering stars,
By the deep ear of meditation heard,
Still in the midnight watches sing of him.

THOMSON.

Since the invention of telescopes, the heavenly bodies have been considered as immense. Our sun, with all his splendid retinue of planets and satellites, is but as a point in the vast machine of the universe. Mr. Addison has ob-

served in his Spectator, that were the sun and his attendants to be wholly annihilated, they would be no more missed by an eye that could take in the whole creation, than a grain of sand from the sea-shore. What grand and elevated ideas do these considerations fill us of that wonderful Being, at whose word they started into existence, and whose power preserves them from anarchy and confusion. The celebrated Huygens had such extensive ideas of the vastness of the universe, as to believe there might be stars at such prodigious and inconceivable distances from our earth, that their light has not yet reached us since the creation, though known to travel 180,000 miles in a second of time: and the admired Mr. Hervey has with his usual beauty supported the opinion:— "Could you," said he, "soar beyond the moon, and pass through all the planetary choir, could you wing your way to the highest apparent star, and take your stand on one of those loftiest pinnacles of Heaven, you would there see other skies expanded, another sun distributing his inexhaustible beams by day, other stars that gild the horrors of the alternate night, and other, perhaps nobler, systems established in unknown profusion through the boundless dimensions of space. Nor does the dominion of the universal Sovereign terminate there: even at the end of this vast tour, you would find yourself advanced no farther than the suburbs of the creation, arrived only at the frontiers of the great Jehovah's kingdom. How magnificent is this view of the Supreme Intelligence!

How admirably calculated to strengthen and improve our faculties, to shew us our own frailty and insignificance, and extend our narrow conceptions of Him who informs, directs, and animates the whole—who

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

POPE.

Gravesend, I. B.
August 2, 1802.

Epitome of Natural History.

NO. I.

With a new series of our work we have thought proper to recommence our subject on Natural History, and shall proceed to lay before our readers a description, illustrated by interesting anecdotes, of one of the most ferocious animals of the forest,

THE TIGER.

THIS creature, according to Linnæus, has a smooth head and body, of a pale yellow colour, beautifully marked with long stripes of black, from the back, pointing to the belly,

with others across the thighs, is often superior in size to a lion, and has vast strength in its limbs. That called the royal tiger is of tremendous bulk: M. de Buffon mentions one that was (tail included) fifteen feet long. The tail is annulated with black, and one-third shorter than the body.

The tiger is peculiar to Asia, and is found as far north as China and Chinese Tartary, and about the lake Aral and the Altaic mountains; it inhabits mount Ararat and Hyrcania, famous of old for its wild beasts; but the greatest number, the largest, and the most cruel, are met with in India and its islands. In Sumatra, the natives are so infatuated that they seldom kill them, having a notion that they are animated by the souls of their ancestors. They lurk among the bushes on the sides of the rivers; are the scourge of the country, and almost depopulate many places: they are insidious, bloodthirsty, and malevolent, and seem to prey on the human species as preferable to any other kind of animals. They do not pursue their prey, but bound on it from their ambush with an elasticity and from a distance that is scarcely credible: if they miss their object, they make off; but if they succeed, be it man, or be it beast, even one as large as a buffalo, they carry it off with such ease, that it seems not the least impediment to their flight. If undisturbed, they plunge their head into the body of the animal up to the very eyes, as if it were to satiate themselves with blood, which indeed they drain from the body before they tear it to pieces.

In the beginning of the last century, some gentlemen and ladies being on a party of pleasure, under the shade of some trees on the banks of a river in Bengal, observed a tiger preparing for its fatal spring; one of the ladies, with amazing presence of mind, laid hold of an umbrella and furled it full in the animal's face, which instantly retired, and gave the company an opportunity of removing from so terrible a neighbour.

Another party had not the same good fortune. A tiger darted among them while they were at dinner, seized on one gentleman (the son of Sir Hector Monro), and carried him off. It were needless to add, that he was never more heard of.

We are furnished with very extraordinary anecdotes of the tiger from a pamphlet lately published, entitled a 'Narrative of the Life of Sarah Shade,' who made a voyage to the East Indies in 1769, in the New Devonshire Indiaman. In traversing that country, in company with the army at the siege of Pondicherry, &c. she had an opportunity of witnessing the ferocity of the tiger when at Tritchinopoly, where she remained about eighteen months, living in a house built for her on the rock.

Being (as it is related) in the habit of keeping pigeons in a place she had erected for them near her own habitation, and one morning, very early, hearing the pigeons disturbed, she went out to see what was the cause of it, when she perceived a tiger-cat in the act of seizing one

of her pigeons, on which she had the resolution to catch up a stick with intent to rescue the bird. At this moment the animal dropped the pigeon, and made a spring at her; when, stooping down to avoid the attack, and placing her hands together to keep the animal off, the tiger-cat literally seized both her hands in his mouth, when fear gave her the resolution to grasp hold of the root of his tongue, so as to prevent, in a great measure, the animal's endeavors to bite her, though she bears to this day the marks of the contest, and lay long, in consequence, in a desperate state, attended by Doctors Lucas and Sinclair, who were attached to the garrison; but was ultimately cured by a poor Portuguese woman, who had come to ask the charity of a seer of rice. Such was the malignity of the bite and scratches of the animal, that she swelled to an almost inconceivable degree; and but for the timely appearance of her husband and Serjeant Lamb of the artillery, she would inevitably have fallen a sacrifice to her temerity; for though her husband pierced him with his bayonet near the heart, and Serjeant Lamb on the flank, it was with the greatest difficulty they could overcome the animal, and keep him down—a fact notorious to all the garrison, who flocked to see the creature when dead. Indeed there is at this moment a man of the name of John Anderson, an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, then a serjeant at Tritchinopoly, who well remembers the circumstance.

During one of the excursions from Tritchinopoly to Macras, with two battalions of sepoys, commanded by Captain Watts, another incident happened, shewing the undaunted ferocity of the tiger. A young woman, a native of the country, by whom Lieutenant Kennedy had a son, and who was near her time with another child, was carried off in the middle of the ranks, whilst riding on a bullock, by a large tiger, who sprang from out of the jungle, and seized her by the throat. The detachment halted in consequence, and after a three days search, discovered the retreat of the animal, which proved to be a female, having two whelps about the size of terrier dogs. The dam was shot, and the young taken alive, and secured by muffling the fore paws, and muzzling their mouths. In the den, which was of the size of a moderate room, and in which a man could stand upright, was discovered various ornaments of dress; among the number of which the narrator was an eye-witness, she recollects the following articles, besides those worn by the unfortunate female just mentioned: a star of real pearls set in gold, a gold watch, two siver watches, several pieces of gold chains much mutilated, a number of gold rings, and a gold snake, large enough to go round the body of a man, of considerable value, with various other valuable articles, and many bones belonging to unhappy persons who had fallen victims to the animal's ferocity. The two young tigers were afterwards sent as a present to the Nabob of Tritchinopoly.

Tigers attack all sorts of animals, even the lion; and it has been known that both have perished in their terrible combats.

In some parts of India there is a popular notion that the rhinorceros and the tiger are in friendship, because they are often found near each other. The fact is, the rhinorceros, like the hog, loves to wallow in the mire, and on that account frequents the banks of rivers: the tiger also resorts thither to quench its raging thirst.

Pliny has been criticised for calling the tiger *animal tremendæ velocitatis;* but two travellers of good authority, and both eye-witnesses of the facts that they relate, confirm what Pliny says. The one indeed only mentions in general its vast fleetness. But the other saw a trial between one and a swift horse, whose rider escaped merely by getting in time amidst a circle of armed men. The chace of this animal was a favorite diversion with the great Chinese monarch, Cam-hi, in whose company Mr. Bell and the Pere Gerbillon saw these proofs of the tiger's speed.

The female, like the lioness, produces once a year, four or five cubs at a litter. She is furious at all times, but her rage rises to the utmost extremity when robbed of her young; she then braves every danger, and pursues the plunderers, who are often obliged to release one of her cubs to retard her fury: she stops, and carries it off to the nearest cover, and instantly returns and continues the pursuit of the spoilers to their boat or the gates of their village. Their

skins are much valued in China. The Indians eat their flesh, and find it neither unwholesome nor disagreeable.

They are said by some to roar like a lion; but in a state of confinement seem to emit only a surly growl.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear B——,

IN my last romantic sheet I promised to give you a journal of my excursion to Ipswich. I am now happy in doing so—happy in fulfilling a promise dictated by friendship, and accepted, I well know, by no less a friendship.

It were in vain to describe to you the emotions which so powerfully please or agitate an enthusiastic breast, when objects or incidents, in themselves interesting, call forth these emotions. I shall therefore just say, that I left London with a prepossessed hope of enjoying and communicating pleasure. We breakfasted at Rumford: my companions, a country gentleman, a clergyman, two ladies, and two others, who were somewhat inexplicable, tho' no ways niggardly of their humour.—I have often thought me that a travelling vehicle is well adapted to the display of genius, and at all times pregnant with adventure as well as instruction. At breakfast I very incautiously commenced a digression, in which I spoke but

too lightly of religion; this led to a conversation of a more serious kind—no less than a treatise on the devil and his attributes. I forgot me, or rather knew not that we had a clergyman at the board; my philosophy did not, however, give the worthy gentleman much uneasiness, on the contrary, he acceded to my hypothesis with much good humour, entered cheerfully into the doctrine, and, with my fellow-travellers, finally determined there should, was, and ought to be a devil. His was the liberality of a churchman.

Passed through Chelmsford—was no way gratified with any thing I saw in this town. As to the goal, it is at best a heart-afflicting object—rather would I see an humble cot. Dined at Colchester. This town is delightfully situate. The English inns are certainly commodious, and well stored with refreshments; we find in them a neatness and a freedom at once endearing. Proceeded forward with comfort, and arrived at Ipswich in time to accompany my good friend C—— in an evening's walk; after which we joined some free and easy souls at the coffeehouse, then went to the play.

With respect to the country I have this day passed over, it is on the whole rich in pasture, corn, and every other object which can adorn a well cultivated country. To me these objects are doubly endearing—they are objects of peace, happiness, and tranquillity, and they ever, ever delight: I could dwell amongst them with joy, with rapture, and my heart would pant for the society of a pastoral queen.

Why arises this sympathy in the feelings? why —but from a source of pure wisdom, of preventing, of fostering solicitude in a Great Supreme. We are evidently destined to add to and partake of each other's joy: afflicted be the man, say I, who dares to infer that woman should not receive from us the kindest offices of friendship and affection.

Sunday.

Enjoyed a pleasant morning's ramble. I much admire this snug town and its vicinity: Many of the houses are well built; the streets are distinguished for cleanliness more than for elegance. The inhabitants are very genteel, and methinks more sociable than we generally find them in country towns. Pride seems a more predominant passion in country towns than in London, I mean so far as it affects the intercourse in society; but pride is a restless passion, which more or less actuates the best of us.—I wished to have gone to church, but was informed by my good friend C—— (who, by the bye; is a staunch churchman) that their rector and curate were equally insignificant and offensive in the pulpit, and that it was nearly impossible to understand either of them! No wonder then, said I, that the churches are so thinly attended, or that the Seceders should gain such an ascendency. The defalcation of our clergy is an evil that calls aloud for remedy, and shame on our rulers if it is not remedied.

It afforded me much pleasure to witness a respectful decorum in the streets. What a

contrast with the gay and dissipated London, thought I. The barracks in this town are a fine range of buildings: still they are productive of regret rather than exultation to an English bosom, or to any bosom that feel's for man's freedom and humanity. In wandering down the town, I was induced to inspect an old gate which bore every vestige of antiquity. I was afterwards informed that this very gate was built and intended by Wolsey as an entrance to a college, which he had in fact endowed, but which (owing to his premature disgrace) was never compleated. I was shewn the site of the house in which the proud cardinal once resided; it is now a decent building, near to the ancient structure I have alluded to. I may add, that Wolsey was born in Ipswich, and that his father was a butcher.

We took a delightful stroll in the park: the views are extensive, and particularly fine.—It was here I had the pleasure to see and be introduced to many of the ladies, who I most heartily confess are pretty round faced beauties. In truth, methinks the ladies are every where the most attractive objects; and they ought: love sparkles in their eyes, softness and desire beam from their countenances, and in their form the graces have taken a most enchanting residence. And are these the players? said I. Yes, they are the heroes and heroines who last night exerted their faculties for the edification and amusement of others. I pity them and admire them too—they are a prototype of a giddy and frivolous world, or

the awful emblems of passions which toss our ambitious souls. I may here advert to the pleasures of a country life—I may here boldly affirm a country life, of all others, is the best suited to every social virtue—the best antidote to crime, and the best friend to health, innocence and tranquillity. The politician may speak learnedly on the nature of society, and deduce inferences in order to elucidate his assertions: let him do so—the good, the wise, will prefer a rational solitude, will uniformly sanction that state which takes from our anxiety, and adds to our happiness.

Monday.

We this day had in our domestic party a gentleman whose early pursuits in life have been devoted to business; even now he is in reality the tradesman; his mind is literally bent to it—the pursuit is deeply rooted, and, like the twig, when once biassed, retains its form. Such is the effect of habit. When we seriously survey the propensities of man, and his various avocations in life, we easily perceive how much he is the creature of habit—how forcibly the station in which he is placed tends to actuate and form his character.

Having agreed on a fishing party, we set out on the excursion, and were not a little delighted with the ride, and no less with our diversion, which was of the most rural kind. Returned home under the sombre shades of evening: a train of reflections intruded themselves. I could not mark the lowering mist, nor view the

darkening landscape, without a sigh of regret mixed with pleasure, without feeling sensibly for all the pleasures of this fleeting life. These are serious intrusions—they are necessary reflections—but they suit not the man of pleasure.

Tuesday.

Returned to Bramford. I examined very minutely the art of paper making. And is it thus, said I, we are enabled to transmit to our friends, to posterity, the ingenious or the useful sparks of knowledge. The process is simple. In truth, the most simple discoveries are generally the most useful.

Whilst angling patiently, I beheld with pleasurable sensations the swains as patiently making hay. O, what innocent employ! Yonder the bleating flocks—the bountiful tillage, and here the labouring unambitious swain. And is yon maiden, whose fine form and roseate health betokens sure a joyous heart, destined only for the humble walks of life? I beheld the maiden with a heart deeply interested in her fate: at first I wished she were cast where her beaming eye and beauty might shine and be admired; but an intervening fear stole athwart my bosom —the maid is now happy, said I, perchance she might be otherwise—for ah! how often doth a gloomy fate o'erhang the adventurous damsel who fearless leaves her home, her friends! the world is unkind, man is false, and the poor girl, when robbed of innocence, is, alas! too oftentimes the sport of infamy!

I must pass over unnoticed the heroine and her faithful lover. The old woman walked lame—I commiserated. "If you should ever," said she, "serve in the army so long as I have, then, young gentleman, you may be as weak as I am." I found afterwards that the old heroine had absolutely been in the army for the period she mentioned, and that too for the love she bore to her husband. And is it thus, said I, that love actuates its votaries! Love is a passion that steals faintly o'er the stripling's heart—it is an imperceptible sickness.

On my return to Ipswich, from the quietness all around me, I was led to ruminate on the nature and effects of solitude. I have often in the busy city panted for a quiet retreat—have often painted in the "mind's eye" the pleasure which accompanies a peaceable retirement. Why is it we become enamoured with a state of life so different to that in which the passions are incessantly called upon to play their respective parts? Is it because solitude is a state of indolence or happiness, or that it is devoid of care, consonant to our feelings, and congenial to the nature of our existence? I think all these attributes may be attached to it; but still, methinks, the formation of the mind itself is the chief bias—for many there be to whom solitude is the worst of evils.

Our evening's party was exhilarated by Mr. B——, a literary character in the town. Much am I indebted to men of letters for my finest ideas, my best employments, and hence am I always proud to respect them. Our converse

adverted to the poets of the present age, amongst whom we forgot not Bloomfield, a native of the county. This poet's productions are certainly entitled to much encomium.—Bloomfield's muse is no common muse. Poetry is a gift, or rather an innate quality of the soul: witness a Shakespeare, an Otway, a Savage, a Chatterton, a Burns, and a Bloomfield, and I may add a charity girl, whose works will soon adorn the republic of letters.

(To be continued.)

The British Traveller.

NO. 4.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE CHINESE.

FROM LORD MACARTNEY'S EMBASSY TO CHINA.

WRITTEN BY MR. ANDERSON.

(Concluded from page 297.)

FESTIVALS.

THERE are frequent festivals in China, and we saw at Macao the principal of them, which celebrates the beginning of the new year. According to the Chinese calendar, it commences on the second day of our month of February, and is observed with great joy and gladness throughout the whole empire, and by an entire suspension of all business. Of any religious ceremonies that usher in the dawn of the year, I cannot speak, as all the distinctions

of the season which appeared to us consisted of feasting by day, and fireworks by night. This festival is prolonged, by those who can afford it, for several days; and they whose circumstances confine their joy to one day, take so much of it, that they generally feel its effects on the next.

Of the manner in which they keep or observe their ordinary holidays, I shall give the following account:

In the first place they purchase provisions according to their situation and capacity, which are dressed, and placed before a small idol, fixed on an altar, with a curtain before it: and such an altar, in some form or other, every Chinese has in his habitation, whether it be on the land, or on the water, in an house, or a junk. This repast, with bread and fruit, and three small cups of wine, spirits, and vinegar, are, after a threefold obeisance from the people of the house to the idol, carried to the front of the dwelling; they there kneel and pray with great fervor for several minutes, and after frequently beating their heads on the ground, they rise, and throw the contents of the three cups to the right and left of them. They then take a bundle of small pieces of gilt paper, which they set on fire and hold over the meat. This ceremonial is succeeded by lighting strings of small crackers, which hang from the end of a cane, and are made to crack over the meat. The repast is then placed before the idol or Josh, as it is called (a term which means a deity), and after

a repetition of obeisances, they conclude with a joyous dinner, exhilarated by plenty of spirits, which are always boiled in pewter or copper vessels before they are taken.

On the first of March it is usual, according to ancient custom, for dramatic pieces to be performed on stages in the principal street of the different towns throughout the empire, for the amusement of the poor people, who are not able to purchase those pleasures. This beneficent act continues for a succession of several days, at the expence of the emperor; so that every morning and evening, during this period, the lower classes of the subjects enjoy a favorite pleasure without cost, and bless the hand that bestows it on them.

MEDICINE.

Of the knowledge of medicine among the Chinese I can say no more than that I was witness, in one instance, to a skilful application of it, in the case of John Stewart, a servant of Capt. Mackintosh, who, on our return from Jehol had been seized with the dysentery, which increased so much on the road, that at Waunchoyeng there were no hopes entertained of his being able to leave that place. Whether it arose from the desire of the patient, or was suggested by any person in the suite, I know not, but a Chinese physician was called to his assistance; when the man's case was explained to him by Mr. Plumb, in the presence of Sir George Staunton. The physician remained a considerable time with his patient, and sent him a medicine, which removed the complaint, and restored him to health.

The people are in general of an healthy appearance; it is very rare indeed to see persons marked with the small pox; and, except in the sea-ports of Macao and Canton, several of the disorders unfortunately so frequent in Europe are not known in China.

COINS.

The caxee is the only current coin in China; any other species of money is absolutely forbidden. It is made of a white metal, and is about the size of our farthing, with a small square hole driven through the middle, for the purpose of running them on a string to be composed into candareens and maces: but although the terms candareen and mace are employed to certify a certain quantity of caxees, there are no coins in the country which bear that specific value; so that, in fact, they are only imaginary denominations, like our pounds, &c.

The comparative estimation of the caxee with British money cannot be ascertained with any degree of accuracy, as it bears no sterling value even in that country; every province having its particular caxee, which is not current in any other. In the province of Pekin a Spanish dollar will produce in exchange from 500 to 580 caxees, according to the weight of the dollar, which the Chinese prove by a small steel-yard like ours in England, though they sometimes employ scales. In the province of Hoang-tchew the dollar obtains from 700 to 750 cakees; in other places it will find a still more various exchange.

For the Monthly Visitor.

LA PEYROUSE,

THE FRENCH NAVIGATOR.

AFTER the lapse of years, some glimmering of information has reached Europe with respect to the fate of the French navigator Peyrouse.—Our readers may recollect that he sailed on a voyage of discovery with two frigates, and that after performing part of his voyage, he touched at Botany Bay. From the period of his sailing from New South Wales, no account was ever received from him. A vessel was sent from France under the command of D'Entrecasteaux, in search of him, but the search was ineffectual. At length, an American ship, which had traversed the South Sea, brought to the Mauritius, in February last, some information, which gives strength to the conjectures that have been formed of the unfortunate navigator's having been massacred, with all his crew. We refer our readers to the subsequent article, extracted from a French newspaper entitled the *Moniteu :* yet the American captain's information relates only to one of the ships, and leaves us still to conjecture whether the captain massacred was Peyrouse, or the commander of the vessel which sailed in company with him.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL ENTITLED THE NOUVELLISTE DES ISLES DE FRANCE AND DE LA REUNION.

Mauritius, Feb. 14.

Captain Ingenold, commander of the American ship the Charlotte, arrived from China, says, that he learnt, in his voyage in the South Sea, at the Sandwich Isles, and on the North West Coast, that before the revolution of France, without being able to determine precisely the year, a vessel from Brest had, in the month of April, anchored in the bay of Comsbervar—a bay which is 53 degrees 13 minutes north, opposite Englefield Bay, in the island called Queen Charlotte's island.

That this vessel having a great quantity of sick, was attacked by the islanders, who got on board the moment the crew were employed in reefing the sails; that they massacred the captain, who was on the deck, and the whole crew, with the exception of a young man, whose fate is unknown.

It is added, that the islanders destroyed the vessel, after having unloaded it. It is to be presumed that this vessel is M. La Perouse's, or her companion.

JACKSON'S JOURNEY

OVERLAND FROM INDIA TOWARDS ENGLAND.

(Concluded from page 250.)

Arrival at the Encampment of Hassan Chillaby.

THE people here rise at dawn of day, and the first employment of the women is to milk their cows and goats, which are immediately sent off again to pasture: the women then put the milk into a sort of bottle made of a goat's skin, every part of which is sewed up except the neck; but when they are churning, the neck is tied with a string close and tight enough to prevent the milk running out: they then fix three strong sticks in the ground, in a form something like what we often use in raising weights, only on a smaller scale. From these they suspend the goat's skin tied by each end, and continuing shaking it backward and forward till it becomes butter; and they easily know when it is ready by the noise it makes. They then empty the skins into a large vessel, skim off the butter, put hot water into the skin to clean it, and hang it up to dry.

Besides this employment, they have also to bake bread every morning for the day's consumption—for all this work is performed by the women. The bread is baked on large iron plates, as in many parts of Europe; but should any of the women happen to lie longer than usual in the morning, so as not to be able to get their work done before the sun becomes hot,

they not only have to work in the sun, but are heartily laughed at by better housewives.

In the couse of the journey the author had an opportunity of witnessing the agility of his conductors. They would sometimes (says he) draw out of the ranks half a dozen on each side, and throw blunted spears, at which exercise these men are wonderfully dexterous, being able to pick up spears from the ground without quitting their horses. They have also a particular method of avoiding their opponents' spears by hanging down on the opposite side of the horse, and thus exposing only one foot, yet at the same time going on full gallop. But though the men are at this exercise so much superior to Europeans, I was even more entertained by observing the motions of the horses, some of which were beautiful white Arabians. The horseman makes very little use of the reins on these occasions, and the horse is governed by the motions of the rider's body: if the later lean towards the right or left, the horse will turn to that side, and if the motion be quick, will gallop full speed; if the rider lean forward, the horse gallops straight on; and if the man raise his body upright, the horse, though at that time on full speed, will stop in a moment, without the rider touching the bridle.

Amasia is described to be a very pleasant situation. This (adds the author) is a very extensive and populous town, nearly as large as Tocat, and is surrounded by many lofty rugged mountains. The faces of these mountains hav[e] nearly half a mile of almost perpendicula[r]

height; and in one of these are several places cut in the solid rock, similar to a Hindoo pagoda, and which can only be approached by little narrow passes cut through the rock.

The method of watering this town deserves notice.—The town is well watered, particularly the lower parts, by means of large wheels near thirty feet in diameter. These are turned by the stream, having a great many large buckets fastened to them. As the wheel turns round, these buckets empty themselves into troughs fixed within a few as high as the wheel. By this method they are enabled to keep up a continual stream of water, which is conveyed by pipes from the troughs to the hummums, fountains, &c.

At a village called Benlee we stopt half an hour at a Greek's house to refresh. The master of the house had two very beautiful daughters—the Greeks in general have handsome features, but these particularly attracted my attention. They, as well as the peasantry in general, had a very ridiculous custom of tying all their treasure round their necks; and I have actually seen some wear three or four hundred Venetian sequins perforated and fastened round their necks with silk strings. This custom, however, is confined to the unmarried part of the sex, wives having no ornament whatever on that part of their persons.

The author also notices the method used here of separating the corn from the straw, and observed the same to be adopted in all countries where the rains are periodical. They make a

ring about 40 yards round, sometimes of clay, and sometimes paved. They then bring their corn from the field, and throw it in a heap in the middle of the ring. They have a sledge too, which is sometimes drawn by bullocks, sometimes by horses, and some of these have pieces of iron driven into the bottom, to cut the straw as it goes round, though in others I have seen flint stones fastened to the bottom. Upon the sledge is a heavy weight. Beside the person who drives the cattle, another is employed with a fork in tossing the straw from the ring, if the grain is extracted, and taking fresh from the heap in the middle. In this manner they are enabled to continue till they have extracted the whole of their corn, without being in any danger of having it spoiled by rain. This is much quicker, and easier too, than our mode of threshing in England.

On the river Danube, below Peste, are many floating corn-mills, which are admirably adapted for the purpose. The vessels on which the mills are built are always kept afloat and at anchor in the middle of the stream; the wheel is turned by the current, and I am of opinion that mills built on a similar construction might be made serviceable on the river Thames, without obstructing the navigation; for we have too many instances of flour and bread advancing in price, on account of the mills in the neighbourhood not being able to raise a sufficient supply, particularly in dry seasons.

The Female Mentor.

NO. 3.

DRESS AND TEMPER.

Oh, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, and hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys:
Spleen, vapor, or small pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.

POPE.

IT is, I think, universally allowed, that similarity of temper is one of the principles requisites in matrimonial felicity; and yet too great a similitude may in some cases render both parties very uncomfortable. For instance, should two persons of a gay and thoughtless disposition happen to be united, both would most likely pursue their own amusements without any attention to domestic œconomy, till perhaps the very means for their subsistence may be irretrievably lavished away. Again, should two persons of a gloomy disposition commence the career of life together, the sombre cast of their characters would be increased by each other's conversation, and melancholy would at length become habitual to their dispositions.

Upon the whole, however, I am perfectly convinced that wherever there is any material difference of sentiments or manners, there never was nor will be a happy marriage. It is a common observation, that people naturally admire those they love, and imitate those they admire. Possibly the similarity which arises from a desire to please is superior to that which is merely personal. To adopt the sentiments of a friend, is the most delicate proof we can give them of our esteem: it may be valued as a sacrifice made of our own opinions in compliment to theirs, and seldom fails of being well received by polite and sensible people. Indeed, good breeding is a very great promoter of conjugal happiness, and should be quite as much practiced in domestic intercourse as in the more extended circles of society.

Another duty annexed to the character of a wife is not only to regulate her own temper, but likewise to prevent her husband's temper from appearing in a disagreeable light, by studiously observing the proper time for whatever subjects on which she may have to address him. By avoiding every subject that is unpleasant to him, or likely to disturb his tranquillity or wound his feelings, these minor duties would do away much of the bickerings which we too often see between those who nevertheless pass in the world for very happy couples.

It not unfrequently happens that men are disturbed and perplexed with business, which imparting a seriousness to their features, and occasioning a temporary absence of mind,

some wives hastily attribute to gloom or peevishness; by resenting the imaginary affront also, they excite, perhaps, in reality ill-humour or disgust. That the influence of temper is universally extensive, and that it is one of the main springs which directs or deranges the human machine through every station of life, no one, I believe, will think of denying. This then being the case, let us look on its influence in another point of view.

When once an habitual sourness of disposition has taken root, there is no alkaline in nature sufficiently strong to correct it: it scorns the voice of admonition, mocks the tears of tenderness, and defies the meliorating influence of social harmony. It is indeed, in a young woman both tormenting and disgusting. Her parents in vain lament a perversity which neither affection or reproof has been able to controul; her brothers and sisters finding no return made to their tenderness, at length cease to feel themselves interested for her—acquaintances shun her, and friends she has none. In this uncomfortable state she becomes an alien in the midst of society, and surrounded by those over whom she might diffuse the sweetness of domestic serenity, and be largely repaid by reciprocal enjoyments. Instead of this her heart becomes a prey to selfishness, and grows in time callous even to the calls of duty and the pleadings of humanity.—I will not dwell on this horrid picture—would to Heaven it was never realized! but, alas! there are few families who have not

to regret the fatal influence of bad temper in some one or other of their connections.

Sometimes I have observed in young women an affected gravity, which they would wish you to mistake for wisdom; but it is by no means like the original—nor indeed are any copies like realities. Why should a young woman assume any character not natural to her? Why not let the delicate and pure mind shine upon the countenance without the gloss of art or the glare of folly? Cheerfulness and innocence are the natural attendants of youth, and a young woman never appears more amiable than when under their influence. I shall only remark, that as sweetness of temper, candor, and sincerity are generally rewarded by affection and esteem, besides affording their possessors that sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever; so the malevolent passions operate in the contrary extreme—they excite no sympathy, attract no regard, and only give to their mistaken victims the sad privilege of torturing themselves—for peace can never take up her abode with envy, rage, or hatred.

Be it then your care, my fair readers, to guard your hearts from the baneful influence of these destructive demons. Let sweetness, serenity and affection laugh in the eye and blossom on the cheek.

> Do thou, my fair, endeavor to possess
> An elegance of mind as well as dress.

So sung the elegant Lyttleton; and who was better qualified to decide on female attractions

than himself, or who had felt with more sensibility the power of feminine beauty and sweetness? Wonder not then at the advice he gave his fair countrywomen. I believe it is very seldom that a sensible woman need be told that neatness of person indicates delicacy or elegance of mind. We rarely see a woman of elegant manners inattentive to the neatness of her person, a slattern ever being thought a disgusting object most women shun. But in doing this they sometimes fall into the contrary extreme, and dresss becomes the only object they think worth pursuing. Both extremes should certainly be avoided, and dress regulated entirely by the rank and circumstances of the wearer. All women should be neat, but few need be elegant; and it would be highly absurd and profusely ridiculous for the wife of a tradesman to affect the appearance of a woman of fashion. It is not finery alone that constitutes elegance; nor should neatness be confined to the person of a female—it should be seen in her house, in her furniture, in her children and servants; in short, it should unite along with order and œconomy to govern her family and direct her pursuits.

CARDINAL VIRTUES.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

DURING the war of La Vendee, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, condemned to die, as was also his daughter, found in the resources of that amiable girl the means of concealing himself till a period arrived more favorable to that justice which he unsuccessfully claimed. His daughter's first care was to place him under the roof and protection of an artisan who had formerly been a domestic in the duke's service, after which she procured an asylum for herself. They were thus both secure from the immediate power of their persecutors; but as the duke's property was confiscated, and as compassion is apt to grow weary of its good offices, the means of their bare subsistence were soon worn out. While the daughter was suffering under the extreme of poverty, she learnt that her father's health was declining for want of due nourishment. She now saw no way but to devote her life to save her father's, and she instantly made the resolve.

A general of the republic at that very time was passing through the city in which was her place of concealment, and to him she wrote the following letter:——

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

"Wherever the voice of nature is heard, a daughter may be allowed to claim the compas-

sion of men in behalf of her father. Condemned to death at the same time with him who gave me being, I have successfully preserved him from the sword of the executioner, and have preserved myself to watch over his safety. But, in saving his life, I have not been able to furnish all that is necessary to support him. My unhappy father, whose entire property is confiscated, suffers at this moment the want almost of every thing. Without clothes, without bread, without friend to save him from perishing of want, he has not even the resource of the beggar, which still furnishes a little hope, that of being able to appeal to the compassionate, and to present his white hairs to those that might be moved to give him aid: my father, if he is not speedily succoured, will die in his place of concealment, and thus, after snatching him from a violent death, I shall have to sustain the mournful reflection of having betrayed him to one more lingering and painful—that of dying of cold and hunger.

"Be the judge, citizen general, of the extent of my misfortune, and own that it is worthy of pity. One resource only is left to me—it is to cast myself upon your generosity. I offer you my head, I undertake to go, and to go willingly, to the scaffold, but give immediate succour to my dying father. Below I give you the name of my place of concealment, there I will expect death with pleasure, if I may promise myself that you will be touched with my prayers, and will relieve my old and destitute parent."

The soldier had no sooner read this letter than he hastened to the asylum of Madame de Rochefoucault, and not only relieved her father, but secretly protected both, and after the 9th *Thermidor*, procured the restoration of M. de Rochefoucault's property by a revision of their sentence.

AFFECTION OF SISTERS TO BROTHERS.

It was the practice at *Nantes*, and other places, to put a number of condemned persons on board a vessel, and sink them in the river. During these terrible drownings, a young girl, whose brother had been arrested, repaired to the house of Carrier to implore his protection in behalf of her brother. "What age is he?" asked Carrier.—"Thirty-six years."—"So much the worse; he must die, and three fourths of the persons in the same prison with him."

At this horrible answer the poor girl knelt before the proconsul, and declaimed emphatically against the barbarity of his conduct. Carrier ordered her to leave the house, and even brutally struck her with the scabbard of his sabre. Scarcely, however, had she left his apartment when he called her back to inform her, that if she would yield to his desires he would spare the life of her brother. His proposition filled her with disdain, and restored her to courage; she replied, that "she had demanded justice, and justice was not to be bought with infamy!"

She retired, and learning that her brother was on the point of being conducted to one of those dreadful boats at *Paimbeuf*, she ran again to the proconsul, hopeless now of his life, and entreating only that she might be allowed to give something to her brother that might support him on the way.

"Begone!" replied Carrier, "he has no need of any support!"

The brother of this unfortunate girl went to *Paimbeuf*, but before he had perished his sister was no more!

FORTITUDE.

DURING the disastrous reign of the assignats, a family formerly opulent, consisting of a father, mother, and five children, pined in want in a small cottage at the extremity of a town. The father, whose temper was violent, supported his misfortune with an impatience difficult to express. He frequently considered whether he should not put an end to his life. His wife, observing the agitation of his mind, and knowing him capable of a rash act, meditated on the means of withdrawing him from his project. But the difficulty was to find motives sufficiently strong. His affection for herself and his children was rather calculated to push him to extremity; for it was evident he never thought on them without anguish bordering on despair. To propose to him to have recourse to the charity of his neighbours, she knew, would wound

his pride, which was excessive: besides, she was not certain of the success of that expedient, and she knew that a refusal would be a thousand times more cruel than any species of torture. Even the resource of consolation was not left her, for her husband would not listen to any topic that might afford hope, but impatiently pressed her to die with him, and to persuade their children to the same resolution.—Surrounded by so many subjects of discouragement, the wife never abandoned herself to despair. One idea arose in her mind, which she exprest to her husband with so much tenderness and courage, that it almost instantly restored his mind to tranquillity.

"All is not lost," she said, "I have health, and our five children also. Let us leave this town, and retire to some place where we are not known, and I and my children will labour to support their father." She added, that if their labour was insufficient, she would privately beg alms for his support.—The husband ruminated awhile over this proposition, and took this resolution with a constancy worthy of the honorable life he has since led.

"No," he said, "I will not reduce you to the disgrace of beggary for me; but since you are capable of such attachment to me, I know what remains to render me worthy of it."

He then lost no time in collecting together the remnants of his property, which produced a hundred pistoles, and quitted the town with his family, taking the road to a distant depart-

ment; and in the first place where he thought he was not known, he changed his dress for the coarse dress of a peasant, making his whole family do the same; and continuing his route, arrived at a town which he thought fit for his purpose: in the neighbourhood of which he hired a cabin, with a field and a small vineyard. He then bought some wool and flax to employ the girls, and tools to cultivate the land for himself and the boys, the use of which he hired a peasant to teach him.

A few weeks sufficed to conquer all difficulties. The example of the father and mother excited emulation among the children; and acquiring a competence from its labour and constancy, originating in the courage of the virtuous mother, this family lived perfect patterns of peace and domestic union.

GRATITUDE.

DURING the unhappy days of September, 1792, a woman conceived the project of rendering funeral honors, from motives of gratitude, to her confessor, who she understood had been massacred at the prison *Des Carmes*. As she intently dwelt upon this idea, she heard an extraordinary cry in the street, by which she was drawn to the window: she saw a cart passing filled with dead bodies, and among them recognised the person of her confessor! A surgeon, one of her neighbours, happened to be with her; pointing out the body, she entreated him

to go and purchase it of the driver. Yielding to her intreaties, the surgeon went to the driver, and telling him his profession, said he wished to purchase one of the bodies for dissection. The driver asked him twenty crowns, permitting him to take his choice. He paid down the money, and took the body pointed out to him, which he caused to be conveyed into the house of his friend: but what was the surgeon's surprise when he saw the priest on his feet!—Clothes being procured for him, and being in the presence of his benefactress, he said—"When I saw my brethren massacred at *Des Carmes*, I imagined it possible to save my life by throwing myself among the dead bodies as one of them. I was stripped, and thrown into the cart in which you saw me. I did not receive a single wound; the blood with which you saw me covered was that of the carcases with which I was confounded. Receive, my benefactress, the most grateful thanks! It is probable, that, thrown into a quarry with the bodies of my unfortunate companions, I should have perished there!" All three then fell on their knees, and returned thanks to Heaven for this singular deliverance.

REFLECTIONS

Suggested by a Survey of Penenden-Heath, near Maidstone, during the Election of Representatives for the County of Kent, in the Month of July, 1802.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

WHAT are yonder crowds passing to and fro with eagerness and agitation?—Whence those sounds which salute my ear with so much melody? Why those banners waving in the air with evident tokens of triumph and joy? The assemblage of so many people is occasioned by the choice of representatives for the county—the music cherishes those agreeable emotions which flow from the exercise of their best rights as freemen—and the streamers floating in the breeze, announce their exultation on an occasion honorable to the constitution of the country, and auspicious to the happiness of mankind.

To the *candidates* offering themselves for the important trust, the attention is first naturally directed. The desire of distinction, which rises spontaneously in the human breast, calls for gratification. And after what mode can the passion be more honorably indulged than in representing a free people in parliament?—Wealth and talents cannot be more respectably or more usefully employed. Those who by their birth, or who by their industry have acquired an easy fortune, should devote their leisure to the service of their country. Over the tyranny

of rulers, and over the licentiousness of the people, ought they to watch with equal jealousy. In a variety of most important respects have such individuals an opportunity to serve their fellow-creatures. The *patriotic* mind seeks such occasions of doing good, and will be studious of their improvement. How far the present candidates are thus actuated, it would be presumption in me to determine. Their professions are fair—from their subsequent conduct in parliament, their principles receive the best and fullest interpretation. *Charity*, which *hopeth all things*, would incline us to believe that according to their own particular views, and in proportion to their different degrees of ability, they will prove themselves intent on promoting the good of their country.

The *freeholders* exercising their right of choosing representatives in parliament, next demand our attention. It is impossible to contemplate such a sight without priding ourselves on this part of the British constitution. Cast your eyes over the European and Asiatic continents—view there, realms of immense magnitude—to whose inhabitants no such right hath been granted—by whom no such privilege hath been exercised! In many countries *the people* have no part in their respective governments. The rulers sullenly refuse any portion of legislation by means of representatives, to the very individuals by whose unremitting toil they are supported in their empty pageantry. It is otherwise in *Britain*, and has been so for ages! The antiquity of parliaments is indeed consi-

derable, and their deliberations constitute a distinguished trait in the page of British history. How much soever the system of representation may require amendment—*All* must confess it to be the glory of our island—the subject of admiration to surrounding nations! Let then so noble a right be duly estimated; let it be exercised with an unrestrained freedom. An undue influence ought never to be suffered to impair its energy. Far be it from us, to adopt arts of seduction against which the law hath wisely provided, and the prevalence of which must eventually annihilate the very privilege which our glorious constitution has placed in our possession. Calling ourselves *Britons*, and distinguished for *a love of freedom* at a period when other nations were sunk in slavery—the assertion of our independence should be the height of our ambition. Let us guard from every possible injury, the inestimable blessing. Let us convey the treasure for which our ancestors shed their blood, and which to *us* ought to be more precious than the mines of Golconda, down to the latest posterity!

Nor should *the spectators* forget that on so interesting an occasion, *they* may derive lessons of solid improvement When they perceive *thousands* pressing forward with eagerness to exercise *the right* with which they are entrusted, it must recur to them, that *the people* have a part in the government of the country. See on yonder plain how they pour in without intermission!—Even the sick and the aged come forth from their retirement. The pallid countenance

of the one, and the tottering limbs of the other, proclaim them both unfit to make their appearance amidst so much bustle and confusion! But on such an occasion they feel their importance in the scale of society;—in spite of their infirmities, they are ambitious of rendering a service to their fellow creatures;—however insignificant in their individual capacity, they for a moment emerge from their obscurity and seem to assist in the grand councils of the nation!

Deeply indeed is it regretted, that scenes of riot and disorder should disgrace a period, when *freemen* are called upon to exercise a right which involves the happiness of their native land. But the passions are afloat—prejudices are awakened—the soul abandons itself to an extravagance of joy! Hence the collision of parties is always injurious to the sacred interests of virtue. But surely *a mode of election* might be devised, by which excesses might be prevented. Intercourses of civility ought never to be laid aside—decorum need suffer no violation. Each candidate has the fullest liberty to aspire after the honor of representation, and each freeman has an undoubted right to support the candidate whom they deem best fitted for the discharge of so important a duty. But whatever defects attach to the present choice of representatives, we must confess that the cheerfulness reigning in every countenance—the joy glowing in every bosom—impart to the benevolent mind no small gratification! Let the *spectator* therefore retire from this perturbed scene with the recollection that—good unalloy-

ed with evil is not the lot of man in this world —that the right of choosing representatives in parliament, is the palladium of the British constitution—and that whilst we are desirous of further emendations, we ought gratefully to acknowledge and diligently to improve the *civil and religious* advantages of our *beloved Country*.

Islington.

ORIGIN OF PUBLIC HOSPITALS.

THE origin of public hospitals is remarkable. Ecclesiastical history informs us, that this (perhaps the grandest and most successful effort for alleviating human misery) arose from no common species or degree even of christian benevolence, but from the impulse of singular piety upon the sensibility of a female mind, softened by a series of domestic afflictions, and urged by the desire of atoning for imaginary guilt.

In the fourth century, a Roman lady, of a noble family, by name Fabiola, by religion a christian, left by the death of her husband in sole possession of an affluent fortune, was the first who built an infirmary for the reception of the sick and houseless, where they were supplied with every comfort. Jerome calls her the glory of the christians—the wonder of the Gentiles! The account which he gives of her is this: Divorced from her first husband, who proved an abandoned libertine, during the life of the first, she married a second husband, who was sincerely attached to her, and whom she survived. Among other melancholy reflections consequent upon his death, being led to con-

ceive her second marriage criminal, she voluntarily underwent a solemn penance, assumed the plainest dress, defaced her beauty, submitted to the meanest drudgery, sold her estates (which were answerable to her noble birth), and converted them into money for the relief of the poor, and was the first who built an infirmary, into which sick and distressed objects of every description were collected from the streets. Many who were afflicted with distempers the most loathsome and offensive, she attended in person, carried them in her arms, bathed their sores, and moistened the lips of the dying with her own hands.—Rome was a scene too confined for her charity; she visited, either in person, or by her deputies, all the country round, and even crossed the sea in quest of new objects of compassion.

At length she took a sudden and unexpected resolution of visiting Jerusalem; on which occasion she was entertained a short time by Jerome, in his retreat at Bethlehem. This led him to remark, with enthusiastic admiration, the ardent energy of her mind, her unintermitted study of the scriptures, her unquenchable thirst for divine knowledge; and, in consequence of her innumerable questions, the good father tells us that he was not unfrequently obliged to confess his ignorance. While, however, this extraordinary woman was seeking a settled place of residence in some solitary recess near the scene of our Saviour's nativity, an alarm spread through all the east, that the savage Huns, who spared neither age nor sex,

had burst their ancient boundaries, and were approaching to Jerusalem. Upon this rumour Fabiola returned to Rome; but still, notwithstanding the reluctance of her friends, longing for solitude, and preparing for death, and regarding her charity as incomplete while she retained any thing in her own hands, she had the satisfaction of distributing among the sick, the indigent, and the monks, all that remained of her property, before she died. Her funeral is said by Jerome to have been attended by a more numerous concourse, and with a zeal infinitely more fervent, than the triumphs of Scipio or Pompey.—In such a character, the superstition is lost in the benevolence.

It is pleasing to reflect, that the memory of the first foundress of these admirable institutions has been so long preserved; and one can scarcely help imagining with what sensations this excellent woman, who is said to have been especially delighted in reading the Psalms and the Gospel, must have perused those verses of the psalmist, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and the needy: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed: make thou all his bed in his sickness." Or when she turned her meditations to these words of Christ—"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was sick, and ye visited me"—amidst the tears, and prayers, and benedictions of those who had none besides to help them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMIABLENESS OF GOOD-NATURE.

Collected from a review of three characters.

GOOD-NATURE, or the affectation of it, is indispensibly necessary to the harmony of society; and we often see persons who have really very little of this amiable quality, studiously endeavoring to assume its appearance, and by this means to recommend themselves to the world. It is this which conciliates friendship, and makes men acceptable every where. It is one of the sweetest ingredients in human life, and should be carefully cherished by all who possess it. Without it, all friendly intercourse must soon cease, and the state of this world become a state of coldness and indifference of one human being towards another.—But notwithstanding the inestimable value of this principle as a link in the social chain, there are those who, rather than cultivate it, would indulge themselves in a contrary disposition. Of this character there are two species; the one, blunt and morose, who scarcely ever says any thing but what is churlish and offensive; the other, peevish and satirical, who watches every opportunity of expressing his spleen and ill-nature. The former is more frequently met with, and is less regarded; the latter is rarer, and more intolerable. What the churl says is less attended to, because it is his usual language; what the peevish satirical wit utters,

sinks deep into the soul, and inflicts a wound not easily healed. The one only gratifies his surly disposition; the other does not only vent his malignant humour, but considers it as a mark of superior capacity, and triumphs in all the pain he occasions.—From these characters let us turn, and fix our attention on the good-natured, affable, and courteous member of society, in whom nothing morose nor peevish is seen; who delights not in distressing, but promoting the happiness of those around him; who is careful to avoid all occasions of disgust or uneasiness, and should it be his duty to reprove, does it as St. James directs in the meekness of wisdom.

FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

The following anecdote has been communicated by a gentleman lately returned from Calcutta.

A LADY of exquisite beauty and great accomplishments, the wife of a gentleman of high rank in Calcutta, shortly after her arrival there, was delivered of her first child, which was a female; immediately after whose birth, it was entrusted (as is the custom in the east) to a native wet nurse. When the lady was sufficiently recovered to observe the attendants who were about her, particularly the nurse who had the care of the child, she was struck with inexpressible horror at the idea of her child taking nourishment from the breast of a black

woman. A deep melancholy took possession of her mind, which the arguments of her numerous friends, in addition to those of her husband, were unable to remove or assuage.—When all hope of dissipating the gloom to which her prejudice had reduced her, was given over, and her husband was brought nearly to despair, a military gentleman, well acquainted with him, and lately arrived at Calcutta, on being informed of the circumstance, requested he might be permitted to pay his respects to the lady, which was immediately granted. When the cause of her sorrow had been stated to him by the lady herself, who declared that she distinctly perceived the child grow darker every day, and that she verily believed before she was a twelvemonth old she would be as black as the nurse; the gentleman taking her kindly by the hand, said, "My dear Madam, why do you suffer such ridiculous fancies to take possession of your mind, and render you so very miserable? I myself have been in the habit of eating mutton for more than 40 years, and I have not yet the least appearance of wool upon any part of body!" This laughable observation had a better effect than all her husband's learned and moral arguments, and immediately occasioned a return of her usual cheerful vivacity.—The mother and daughter are still living; and the latter, in spite of the black nurse, is beautiful and fair.

INTERESTING OCCURRENCE TO CHARLES I.

WHAT is now called the New Ferry over the Severn, may dispute antiquity with the Old Ferry. The former belonged, time immemorial, to the respectable family of St. Pierre, and was suppressed by Oliver Cromwell from the following occurrence:—The unfortunate Charles, being pursued by a strong party of the enemy, rode through Shire Newton, and crossed the Severn to Chisell Pit, on the Gloucestershire side. The boat had scarcely returned, before a corps of about 60 republicans followed him to the Black Rock, and instantly compelled the boat-men, with drawn swords, to ferry them across. The boat-men, who were loyalists, left them on a reef, called the English stones, which is separated from the Gloucestershire shore by a lake fordable at low water; but as the tide, which had just turned, flowed in with great rapidity, they were all drowned in attempting to cross.—Cromwell, informed of this event, abolished the ferry, and it was not renewed until 1748. The renewal occasioned a lawsuit betweeen the family of St. Pierre and the Duke of Beaufort's guardians. In the course of the suit, depositions, taken before a commission of chancery, held at Bristol, went evidently to prove the undoubted right of Mr. Lewis to the ferry, and to confirm the above interesting anecdote of the unfortunate king.

The following Circumstance, related by Mons. Degrandpre, an Officer in the French Marine, in his Voyage to Africa, shews a very exact Resemblance between dealing in Slaves and dealing in Horses.

A BLACK merchant had a slave whose teeth were good, and whose figure was passable, but who was so old that no person would have chosen to purchase him. The owner caused his head and his chin to be closely shaved, and rubbed him all over with gunpowder, so that he appeared a good shining black, and the most clear-sighted trader might have been deceived. I was taken in, and bought him without suspicion: but in two days, the white beard and hair made their appearance. It was a lesson to me; and I never afterwards neglected to have the heads washed with warm water, when there was the smallest reason for suspecting the age. As soon as a slave is offered for sale to a captain, the surgeon, in his presence, enters on an examination; and no jockey more close scrutinizes a horse.

SELLING UNDER PRIME COST.

A LADY seeing at the window of a linen-draper, who had not long been in business, that very common lure, *The Goods of this Shop selling under prime Cost*, stepped into a friend's, who happened to live within two or three doors, and enquired whether he thought his neighbour was really selling under prime cost, and would let her have any good bargains?—"As

to bargains," replied her friend, "I am really at a loss to answer; but with respect to selling under prime cost, that I can most positively assure you must be impossible, for to my certain knowledge he has never paid a single farthing for any thing he has in his shop."

INFAMY OF SEDUCTION.

ONE of those wretched females, who first fall victims to the arts of villains, and afterwards are forced for subsistence to have recourse to the trade of prostitution, being brought to an untimely death-bed by a life of debauchery, sent to her friends, earnestly entreating them to visit her once more before she expired. They arrived too late; on her table they found written an account of her life, with the following verses, which she directed to be engraved on her tomb.—May none of our fair readers ever know how true a picture it is of the situation it describes!

The wretched victim of a quick decay,
Reliev'd from life on humble bed of clay,
The last and only refuge from my woes,
A lost, love-ruin'd female, I repose!

From that sad hour I listen'd to his charms,
And sunk, half-forc'd, in a deceiver's arms,
To that, whose awful veil hides every fault,
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault,
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, or in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think;
Nor could rejected conscience claim the power
To impose the respite of one serious hour;

I durst not look to what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more!

In eye undaunted, and in heart impure,
Old, ere of age, worn out when scarce mature;
Daily debas'd, yet stifling my disgust,
In foulest commerce and affected lust;
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My house a brothel, and the streets my haunt;
Through seven long years of infamy I pin'd,
Caress'd, and loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind;
Till my full course of vice and woe gone thro',
My shatter'd fabric fail'd at twenty-two;
When death, with every horror in his train,
Here clos'd a scene of riot, guilt, and pain!

Ye fair associates of my opening bloom,
O come and weep, and profit at my tomb;
Let my short youth, my blighted beauty, prove
The miseries that pursue unlawful love;
O shun the path where gay delusions shine—
Be yours the lesson, sad experience mine!

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE following extract from Stowe's Survey of London may not, at the present period, be uninteresting; we are therefore induced to present it to our readers.

Let us now (saith Fitz Stephen) come to the sports and pastimes, seeing it is fit that a city should not only be commodious and serious, but also merry and sportful; whereupon in the seals of the pope, until the time of Pope Leo, on the one side was St. Peter fishing with a key

over him, reached as it were by the hand of God out of Heaven, and about it this verse—*Tu pro me navem liquisti, suscipe clavem*; and on the other side was a city, and this inscription on it—*Aurea Roma*. Likewise to the praise of Augustus Cæsar, and the city, in respect of the shews and sports, was written—

Nocte pluit tota redeunt spectacula mane, &c.

But London, for the shews upon theatres, and comical pastimes, hath holy plays, representations of miracles which holy confessors have wrought, or representations of torments wherein the constancy of martyrs appeared. Every year also at Shrove Tuesday (that we may begin with children's sports, seeing we all have been children) the school-boys do bring cocks of the game to their master, and all the forenoon they delight themselves in cock-fighting: after dinner all the youths go into the fields, to play at the ball. The scholars of every school have their ball, or bastion, in their hands; the ancient and wealthy men of the city come forth on horseback to see the sport of the young men, and to take part of the pleasure in beholding their agility. Every Friday in Lent a fresh company of young men comes into the field on horseback, and the best horsemen conduct the rest; then march forth the citizens' sons, and other young men, with disarmed launces and shields, and there they practice feats of war. Many courtiers likewise, when the king lieth near, and attendants of noblemen, do repair to these exercises, and while the hope

of victory doth inflame their minds, do shew good proof how serviceable they would be in martial affairs. In Easter holidays they fight battles on the water: a shield is hung upon a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream, a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by the violence of the water, and in the forepart thereof stands a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance; if so be he breaketh his lance against the shield, and does not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falls into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield ride two boats furnished with young men, who recover him that falleth as soon as they may.—Upon the bridge, wharfs, and houses by the river's side, stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat. In the holidays all summer the youth are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising their shields; the maidens trip it with their timbrels, and dance as long as they can well see. In winter, every holiday before dinner, the boars prepared for brawn are set to fight, or else bulls and bears are baited.

When the great fen or moor, which waters the walls of the city on the north side, is frozen, many young men play upon the ice: some striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; others make themselves seats of ice, as great as millstones; one sits down, many hand in hand do draw him, and one slipping on a sudden, all

fall together; some tie bones to their feet and under their heels, and shoving themselves by a little piked staff, slide as swiftly as a bird flies in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow. Sometimes two run together with poles, and hitting one the other, either one or both fall, not without hurt; some break their arms, some their legs;—but youth, desirous of glory, in this sort exercises itself against the time of war. Many of the citizens delight themselves in hawkes and hounds, for they have liberty of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, all Chiltron, and in Kent to the water of Cray.—Thus far Fitz.Stephen on Sports.

These, or the like exercises, have been continued till our time, namely in stage plays, whereof we may read, in *anno* 1391, a play to be performed by the parish clerks of London, at the Skinner's well, beside Smithfield, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and nobles of the realm being present; and of another, acted in the year 1409, which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world, whereat was present most part of the nobility and gentry of England, &c. Of late time, in place of those plays, hath been used comedies, tragedies, interludes, and histories, both true and feigned; for the acting whereof, certain public places, as the theatre, the curtine, &c. have been erected.—Also cocks of the game, are yet cherished by divers men for their pleasures, much money being laid on their heads, when they fight in pits, wherein some be costly made for that purpose. The

ball is used by noblemen and gentlemen in tennis courts, and by people of meaner sort in the open fields and streets. The youths of this city, time out of mind, have left off to practice the disarmed lance and shield on horseback in the fields; but I have seen some few upon the Thames rowed in boats, with staves flat at the fore end, running one against another, and for the most part either one or both overthrown and well ducked. On the holidays in summer the youths of this city have, in the fields, exercised themselves in leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling, casting of the stone or ball, &c. and for defence and use of the weapon, there is a special profession of men that teach it. You may read in my *Annales* that, in the peace 1222, the citizens kept games of defence and wrestlings near the hospital of St. Giles in the field, where they challenged, and had the mastery of the men in the suburbs, and other comers, &c. also, in the peace 1453, of a tumult made against the mayor, at the wrestling beside Clarke's well, &c. which is sufficient to prove that of old time the exercise of wrestling, and such like, hath been much more used than of later years. The youths of this city also used, on holidays after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their wasters and bucklers: and the maidens (one of them playing on a timbrel) in sight of their masters and dames, to dance for garlands hung across the streets; which open pastimes in my youth being now suppressed, worse practices within doors are to be feared. As for the baiting of bulls and

bears, they are at this day much frequented. Sliding upon the ice is now but children's play; but in hawking and hunting many grave citizens, at this time, have great delight, and do rather want leisure than good will to follow it.

PICTURE OF THE GOOD PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

AND, really, a good sort of people ye are —when ye are pleased! The task is not difficult to bring ye into good humour, neither: but I defy all the artists in Europe to keep you so.

You love to find fault—nay, to make faults; and if you cannot quarrel with your neighbours, you will fall out with yourselves, like the greyhound who used to grow angry at his own tail!

You may say that I am guilty of injustice—and that ye are affable, humane, friendly, charitable, social, sweet-tempered, self-denying beings! If every one were to draw his own picture, the pen-and-ink portrait would appear so; but I, who have looked on life for above twenty years, as an unconcerned spectator of all the fantasticalness with which mankind have fatigued themselves—to me ye appear selfish, stubborn, querulous, conceited, discontented existences, and ever enjoy more than ye deserve, yet are daily wishing for more enjoyments, and do less to deserve them!

I dined yesterday at Mr. Fineer's, and his eldest son being introduced, according to the

ancient family custom of shewing the visitors how much wit the heir has, one of the guests addressed his papa with—"I suppose, Sir, you will bring master up to your business?"—"Bring him up to be a hangman, rather!" was the parent's answer. "No, no, he shall never be brought up to work all his life-time for nothing as I have done." And yet this person has gained by his own industry and success in trade upwards of four thousand pounds! But thus it is—we covet to enjoy still more than we do, and want still to do less for it!

Epictetus says "mankind are dissatisfied;" Seneca says "they are discontented:" and this is what, both before and since Seneca, every person has been saying who could say any thing.

With your leave, good people, I shall present you with a couple of characters. As it is common for those who suppose themselves to be artists, to exhibit specimens of their performances, I offer these with submission; and tell me, if you please, how you like them.

They are sketches of a farmer and a hop-planter.

In the harvest season, that particular month of Providence's bounty, when all the animal creation appears chearfully industrious, and we may even fancy approaching winter to bear a smile on his weather-worn wrinkles, as he views the store that is gathering in to comfort him while he visits us; yet even then congratulate the farmer on the noble prospect of his well-covered acres, he will shake his head, and,

between a sigh and a grunt, he will answer you with—" Ah, but the straw is short!"

If the straw be long, then he will tell you there is no substance in the grain!

If there be but an indifferent crop, he laments that it will not pay the expence of housing and threshing.

If a plentiful crop, then he grumbles corn will be so cheap that it will not be worth carrying to market!

Just so the hop-planter. He rises, lifts up the sash, and looks over the horizon: if the morning happens to be cloudy, he pulls down the window with an oath, saying, " It will rain to-day, and all the blossoms will be washed off!"

If there should be a pleasant air abroad, then the poles will be all blown down!

If the sun shines " O Lord! the plants will be burned up!"

If it be a close dry day, without much sunshine, or wind, then he wishes for rain, to destroy the vermin, or else they will eat all the buds up!

The reader, who neither owns hop-grounds nor rents corn-lands, will wonder how these persons can be so discontented; yet it is an even bett, that those who seem to be amazed at such grumblers, are as dissatisfied themselves: the symptoms of the distemper may be different, but the disease is the same in almost all.

Half the cure is supposed to be performed when the physician knows the patient's disorder.

Indeed, my good people, neighbours, countrymen, and choice spirits, I do know, bonâ fide, that you are disordered, and know too what your disorder is; nay, I would prescribe for you, but imagine my medicines would be thrown away.

Suppose I order you a few grains of self-knowledge, half a drachm of patience, and a scruple of self-denial, mixed up with a tea-spoonful of the syrup of humanity—will any of you take such an electuary? Ye might taste it, indeed, for the novelty's sake, but I will bett a handful of integrity against all court ceremonies that ye spit it out again.

Folly has thrown your heads into hysterics; and I will lay opinion against common sense (which are the greatest odds that can well be offered) not one man, in many dozens, knows what is the matter with himself!

Last week, I called on an old acquaintance: his lady told me that her spouse was disturbed and disordered at something she could not tell for what, and that she was happy at my calling, because she hoped I should get him into spirits again.

I went to him, into his study: there he sat, discontented as an undone gamester. I took him by the hand, and inquired if he was ill. He replied that, thank God, he enjoyed as good a state of health as any man in the world! I desired to know if his affairs were any way complicated, which might make him uneasy. His reply was, "Sir, I do not owe any person a shilling, and my income greatly exceeds my outsets."—"I hope, Sir, no words have hap-

pened betwixt your lady and you?"—"There is not a better woman breathing, Sir, and we live in continued harmony."—"How does your daughter, Sir?"—"Married, and as happy as I am."—"Your son, at college?"—"My son, Sir, contributes to my happiness; I hear every body praise him."—"What then, my dear Sir, can you be uneasy about?"—"See there, Sir," my friend replied, raising his voice at the same time, and pulling some printed papers out of his pocket; "there, Sir! read there! there is the Gazetteer, and the Oracle, and the Ledger, and the Herald, and the Chronicle, and the Morning Post: who can enjoy themselves, when we read such terrible accounts as they give us, not only of the government, but also of themselves? Mercy on us! but we are a bought-and-sold nation!"

With some difficulty, I persuaded him to come into company again, and once more be himself, and leave the study of politics alone to those who loved to be imposed on. I told him, all that a man of sense ought to do, was to conform to the laws of God and his country; to take things as they were; use them as they should be; act with as much integrity to mankind as the customs of the world would suffer; and, independent and contented, enjoy the pleasures of domestic society, and wait with patience for that awful, that all-interesting event, when empire breaks his sceptre, and beauty ceases to be amiable; when faction is dissipated, the phantom of pride vanished, and all worldly distinctions are buried in a death-bed dissolution!

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.——Wisdom. | CHARADE——Son-net.

LOGOGRIPH.

(To be answered in our next.)

LADIES, I'm reverend and rough,
And sometimes obstinate enough;
High in the air, while mortals gaze,
I terrify them by my blaze;
Behold me in the fruitful field,
For there man's provender I shield;
In days of yore, the human face,
Fashion decreed that I should grace,
But now she sloven deems the elf
That suffers me upon himself;
In paintings seen; on arrows borne;
I on a Jew give rise to scorn.

Dissect my name, and you will find
A rugged beast of savage kind;
A colour; what's for music nice;
What now produces a high price;
A word oft in erratas seen;
What's sometimes near a lady skin;
An offspring's cry; a little nail;
A place where arguments prevail;
What's said of an uncover'd head;
A place in which the sick are laid;
What join'd with well is sometimes seen;
A word that oft excites your spleen;
A plural verb; a slut; a fish;
What's never said of a good dish;
To challenge; and a date of time;
One skill'd in ancient British rhyme;
Now add a word of entity,
And one-and-twenty there will be.

AIR BALLOON.

M. GARNERIN'S SECOND ASCENSION.

Mr. Locker's Account of the Voyage of Monday, July 5, 1802.

ALTHOUGH the world has been already presented with an account of a late aërial excursion, I flatter myself so much interest is still entertained by the public for the safety of M. Garnerin, that the following particulars of his second ascent will prove acceptable to them:---The very unfavorable weather, attended with a heavy gale at S. and S. W. induced M. Garnerin to give up his intention of ascending to display the promised experiment of the parachute. In this event it had been arranged that Mr. Sowden should once more accompany him; but some misunderstanding having taken place between those Gentlemen, and having had some previous conversation on the preceding day with M. Garnerin on the subject, I ascended with him yesterday afternoon at ten minutes before five o'clock, according to my watch, from Lord's Cricket-ground. The strong assurances of my companion, added to what I had read on the science of aërostation, and the experience of former aëronauts, had so fully persuaded me of my perfect security, that I enjoyed the wonderful and enchanting prospect which now presented itself with unmixed

pleasure. Although the dense state of the atmosphere obstructed distant objects in so great a degree, that our horizon was somewhat limited, the unusual concourse of spectators, which gradually dimmished to an undistinguished mass, and the view of great part of the metropolis, together with the surrounding country, studded with houses, and enlivened by the inhabitants moving in every direction, afforded me an entertainment well worth the purchase of any supposed danger. After throwing out some part of our ballast, we ascended very rapidly, and by the intervention of some thick clouds (which had much the appearance of a sea of cotton beneath us, as described by Mr. Baldwyn, of Chester), we entirely lost sight of the earth. We moved with much rapidity, although our motion was to me perfectly imperceptible; and at length the clouds dispersing, we again saw the country below us. I attempted in vain to ascertain our situation, by calling to my recollection the appearance of the country, which appeared to me more like a prospect seen in a camera, when placed in a very elevated situation, than any thing to which I could compare it; I think a map is an incorrect comparison, as the various objects are not, as in nature, delineated with sufficient minuteness to bear with a resemblance. About this time M. Garnerin looked at his watch, and observing we had been five minutes on our voyage, proposed to descend in about the same time. The perusal of Mr. Sowden's narrative led me to observe, with much attention, the

power of hearing noises below; neither M. Garnerin nor myself could distinguish sounds above the elevation of 3 or 4000 feet, though M. Garnerin imagines a very confused sound, but totally undistinguishable, may be heard considerably higher. We never attained a greater height, this day, by M. Garnerin's computation, than about 1,200 French toises, or 7,800 feet, as M. Garnerin being desirous to return the same evening to town, did not choose to lose a favorable opportunity of descending. At length we saw at a distance what proved afterwards to be Epping Forest, with a range of distant hills beyond, and observing an open champagne country, M. Garnerin opened the valve, and we began to descend. He directed me to call to some persons employed in a field, as we approached the ground, to take hold of the ropes, which we had thrown out for the purpose, and recommended me to hold fast by the cords, to avoid the shock on the balloon's first touching the earth. This precaution proved very necessary, as the force with which we descended was very considerable, occasioned by the force of the wind, rather than by our specific gravity, and the rebound bore us up again with velocity to the height of 150 or 200 feet. In redescending, we struck against a tree, the shock of which gave M. Garnerin a severe blow on the back; and he observed, that this was the only occasion, during a period of twelve years, in which he had been in the habit of aërostation, and the twenty-seventh time he has ascended, that he ever suffered

such an inconvenience. Several of the peasantry being now at hand, we were secured from any further ascent, and alighted from the car with perfect safety. We immediately enquired our situation, and found we had fallen in a field of Mr. Owen's, at Chingford, in Essex, and, referring to our watches, observed we had made our voyage exactly in one quarter of an hour. We dispatched a messenger to Woodford for a post-chaise, and the inflammable air having evaporated, packed the balloon in the car, and had it conveyed to a small inn at Chingford Green, adjoining which we had descended, from whence, after a slight repast on some provisions we had brought with us, we set off for London, and arrived at M. Garnerin's, in Poland-street, a quarter after nine in the evening. Although the mob, which surrounded us on our descent, were, as usual, both troublesome and officiously impertinent, we received great attention and assistance from Mr. Hughes, of the Stamp Office, London, and several other gentlemen, who beheld our arrival. Attention would have been, however, insured to us, if necessary, by the paper put into the hands of M. Garnerin, signed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lords Besborough, Cathcart, and other persons of distinction, who witnessed our ascension at Lord's Cricket Ground. I am, &c.

EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER.

Greenwich, July 6, 1802.

(COPY.)

July 5, 1802.

WE, the undersigned, having been present at the ascension of Mr. Garnerin with his balloon, this afternoon, and witnessed the entire satisfaction of the public, beg leave to recommend him to the attention of any Gentleman, in whose neighbourhood he may happen to descend.

GEORGE, P. W. CATHCART,
G. DEVONSHIRE, R. FORD.
BESBOROUGH,

Mr. Garnerin's balloon ascended at Lord's Cricket Ground, London, at ten minutes before five, and descended at Chingford Green, in Essex, in a field of Mr. Owen's, at five minutes past five, passing a distance of nine miles in one quarter of an hour: this circumstance attested at the King's Head, Chingford Green, in the presence of.

George Clinton Davies, *George Soames,*
Thomas Williams, *John Odtrins,*
J. Hughes, Stamp Of. Lon. *Richard Pamphilion.*

GARNERIN,
E. H. LOCKER,
The aërial travellers on the occasion.

(M. Garnerin's Third Ascension in our next.)

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

HAY-MARKET.

A NEW play, in three acts, called *The Voice of Nature*, was performed for the first time on Saturday, July 31, the characters of which were thus represented:—

Alphonso,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Rinaldo,	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Gareb,	Mr. WADDY.
Officer,	Mr. ABBOT.
A boy, passing for Alzira's son,	Master BYRNE.
Riccardo,	Mr. PALMER.
Clorinda,	Miss NORTON.
Alzira,	Mrs. ST. LEDGER.
Lilla,	Mrs. GIBBS.
Bendetta,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Isabel,	Mrs. EMERY.

This piece is founded on *The Judgment of Solomon*, with this difference, that the ladies are not *harlots*. One has been seduced; and the *unnatural* mother is a widow, who was near being divorced from her husband. It is taken from the French, but by no means fit for the English stage. The plot is, however, artfully managed, and there are a few good sentiments in the king's character, but the language frequently

degenerates and several of the *exit speeches* are miserable. It is said to be a *literal* translation by Mr. Boaden; and another piece on the same subject, is, we understand, in preparation at Covent-garden, which will doubtless be MORE than a translation. Towards the conclusion (which is more *terrifying* than interesting), a formidable opposition took place in the lower boxes and pit, which was overpowered by *friends*; and, owing to an excellent epilogue (written by Mr. Colman) it was allowed to be given out for a second representation, and has been since frequently repeated.

A new Burletta and Ballet dance, called the *Fairies Revels*, or *Love in the Highlands*, was performed (chiefly by children) for the first time on Saturday August 6: the characters were thus represented:—

MORTALS.

Donald	Master MENAGE.
Highland Boy	Master BYRNE.
Old Man (Father to the three Girls)	Master CRANFIELD.
Father Austin	Master TOKELY.
Malcolm	Master GEROUX.
Jane	Miss GEROUX.
Peggy	Miss C. GEROUX.
Isabel	Miss CRANFIELD.

FAIRIES.

The Queen	Miss TYRER.
Film	Miss HOWELLS.
Apparition	Miss S. NORTON.

Witches, Goblins, Elves, &c.

The scene lies in the Highlands of Scotland. The plot chiefly consists of the escape of two lovers from the father of the damsel, who pursues them, and recovers his daughter. The queen of the fairies commands one of her trusty elves to strike at the passions of the lovers, and orders a ring to be given to *Donald*, to protect him from the perplexing attempts of the father. *Donald*, however, in order to gain the good opinion of the old man, signalizes himself in single combat, but having placed the ring on the finger of the statue, it becomes animated, and claims him for her husband. The hermit, *Austin*, however, furnishes him with the means of breaking the charm, and he is united to *Isabel*.

The plot is professedly taken from a poem entitled the *Ring*. The story has been dramatised by Mr. Fawcett, and throughout the whole progress of the scene he has displayed an infinity of taste, and knowledge of stage effect. The scenery is well designed and very picturesque. It consists principally of the fairies' cavern, an open country, a garden, the fairy palace by moonlight, and the entrance to the goblins' cell.—The music is by Dr. Arnold, and is every way worthy of its great author.—The piece went off with great applause, and will prove, no doubt, a general favorite.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND

FOR AUGUST, 1802.

REFLECTIONS

WHILST WALKING IN THE COUNTRY.

DEEP in the verdant vale, where winds the stream
Silent and clear, I mus'd on life's last scene:
My soul was pensive when I nature view'd
Clad in her gayest robes of varied hue.
Bright was the beamy sun, clear blue the sky,
From ev'ry bush I heard sweet strains of joy.
The smile-illumin'd face, the friendly grasp,
The cheerful welcome from the guileless tongue,
Rush'd on my mem'ry with a forceful tide!

Haply to-morrow death may close my eyes,
And shroud these scenes for ever from my view!
Heart-wounding thought! I feel and own my pain—
And is it nought to leave those lov'd behind,
The tender faithful wife, the duteous child,
The affectionate friend, and all life's virtuous joys?

Away enthusiasts—hence deluders base—
Cease theologians, cease your specious arts,
Which paint the king of terrors as a cherub fair,

The friend of man, on whom we ought to look
With placid soul, and welcome with delight.
Ah! does not tort'ring pain's enfeebling pow'r
Depress the spirits and dismay the mind?
Starts not the soul at death, when active seen,
Aiming his dart with eye half clos'd, and hand
Uprais'd, and chest thrown backwards, to enforce
The blow. Tho' stoics may disguise their fears,
It does—and man must feel as man the ills
And woes of life: disease must pain, and nature
Feel the smart. Ev'n world-subduing Cæsar,
Parch'd by fev'rish thirst, cried out for drink;
And did not Jesus, in the throes of death,
Ask why his Father had forsaken him—
Did he not weep in agony of soul?

Flow'd this from real debility of mind?
Ah no, 'tis godlike in a man to feel!

To evil's vein, with microscopic eye,
Shows weak perceptive pow'rs; to stem the tide
Of rough distress, and weather out the storm,
Tho' frail and shatter'd be the bark, is wise.

'Tis wisdom's province folly to restrain—
Excess of feeling folly's sons proclaim.
To feel blood-chilling fear, is it disgrace,
Say, ye pale groaning victims of disease,
When on the deep grave's verge ye tott'ring stand?
Remote from danger cowards oft are brave,
And sages teach us what they can't practice.

Th' impetuous torrent of o'erwhelming vice,
And the dire ruin which it spreads around,
Awakes deep sorrow in fair virtue's breast;
She sees black guilt with fortune's favors blest,
Whilst worth's oppressed, unregarded, scorn'd!
Is this pure justice? man will oft inquire,

And ask why stern oppression, hard of soul,
Dares scourge mankind, and at their woes exult?

Why suffer evil, foolish sceptics cry
To Heaven's high King, if evil gives disgust?
As well might folly ask why the red bolt
From Heaven scaths the forest oak, proud king of trees,
And why the blast, with poison on its wings,
Destroys the fruits and vegetable world.

And why, when ruffian lust, with blood-swol'n eyes,
Seizes the maiden innocent and fair,
Couch'd is the lance of death, whilst myriads fall
Around each moment, victims of his ire?
And why sweet smiling inoffensive babes,
Gems of exceeding worth to parents fond,
Like meteors sparkle, and as soon expire?

Inexplicable mystery! environ'd round
With shades so deep, and dark, and awful, reason starts
Aghast, nor dares with finite pow'rs to scan
The plans of Deity, infinite and wise!

Fort-street, J. S.
July 20, 1802.

THE DEATH OF ROGER AND HIS MOTHER.

RETURNING from the fair,
At which he annually produc'd his ware,
Poor Roger, on a dark and starless night,
Mistook his way, and rov'd in hopeless plight:
The miller and his mill in peace repos'd,
And not a cot one twinkling ray disclos'd;

The banks were slipp'ry, and the wear was full,
Still was the stream, and deep the sluggish pool.
His mother watch'd till day-break, all alone,
Lamenting dolefully her absent son:
And he return'd not!—But when morning rose,
To fill the measure of her mighty woes,
She learnt—the game-keeper, who that way pass'd,
Some footsteps to the river's brink had trac'd,
And sounding with his fording-pole around,
At the mill-head the bloated body found!
Alas! poor Susan!—Farewell peace and joy!
Ten tedious years she mourn'd her duteous boy;
Oppress'd by poverty and pinching care—
For times grew hard—too hard indeed to bear!
And half depopulated was the vale,
With scarce one neighbour to attend her tale,
To smooth her sad sick bed, or with her pray,
While life's last hour was wearing fast away;
But Faith and Hope, a radiant pair, stood by,
To waft her spirit to their native sky.—
Long her misfortunes claim'd the ready tear,
And still the country holds her memory dear.

TO DELIA:

OR, DR. WATT'S ODE TO SIR JOHN HARTOPP IMITATED.

(See his Lyric Poems.)

Votum, seu vita in terris beata.

RICH in every grace below,
Lovely Delia, wouldst thou know
Whom my muse pronounces blest?
That man to her thrice blest appears,
And divinely spends his years,
Whose mind, with truth and learning stor'd,
Can constant pleasure to himself afford,
And makes him with his home contented rest,

The rising sun, and setting, sees
This man amidst his woods and trees,
His learning much enjoy:
Far from worldly thoughts and cares,
Sacred to virtue all his years,
Each day beholds him drawing near
To Heaven, that goal to him so dear,
Where pleasures never cloy.

The common people's vain applause,
Or factious rabble's shouting noise,
Although it strike the sky,
Can ne'er assault his sacred mind;
Nor can he in the Indies find
Of golden toys sufficient store,
To make him wish to pass the door
Of sweet obscurity.

Would the fates suspend their law,
And suffer me my thread to draw,
And fix my future life,
From civic honors I'd remove
Vain splendors, which I disapprove:
Farewell to crowns, and victors' bays,
To courtier's honors, statesmen's praise;
I hate such noisy strife.

My dwelling should a cottage be,
With air encircling, pure and free,
Best antidote to ills;
Far from the city's smoke I'd range,
Far from the clamours of the th' Exchange;
For to my rustic ears
The hum of bees more sweet appears,
Or softly murmuring rills.

I execrate the plans of war,
The juggling quarrels of the law,
Dividing often friends;

Farewell ye citizens to trade,
Where worth is lost, though gains are made,
Where frauds without demur are us'd,
And friendship's sacred name's abus'd,
To answer selfish ends.

And Cupid, quiver'd boy accurst,
Hence with thy wicked, sensual lust,
Nor Venus leave behind;
Let first of all religions fire
My failing mortal breast inspire;
And next to this, that heavenly flame
Which really merits friendship's name,
To Delia's self confin'd.

Thus, Delia, blest with thee alone,
Dearer to me than flesh or bone,
My life no care shall know:
I'd ask no other friends beside,
Except my books: by them supplied
With various knowledge every day,
My hours would swiftly pass away,
And yield true bliss below.

And should my summons shortly come
For me to seek a heavenly home,
And leave my all below,
Though sorrow would affect my heart,
To be from Delia forc'd to part,
Her virtues shall dry up my tear,
When I reflect that they will bear
My Delia upward too.

Or should the fates (as most I dread)
Snap of thy valued life the thread,
And snatch thee first away,
The memory of my love to me
Dearer than all things else shall be;

Her virtues shall my footsteps guide
Thither, where she will then reside,
In realms of endless day.

And when the years of both are o'er,
And we have reach'd that blissful shore
Which death can ne'er invade,
We, Delia, then no more shall know
Pangs of sorrow, tears of woe,
But, freed from every care, enjoy
Blessings which will never cloy,
And bliss that will not fade!

Hackney. J. F.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS LADY.

THE worthy squire will be remember'd long,
The theme and pride of ev'ry cottage song;
His lady too—the patroness and friend
Of all whom merit, worth, or want commend;
Whose heart benevolent, and lib'ral mind,
Nor prejudice nor narrow views confin'd:
With grateful joy the widow heard her voice,
Which bade e'en pale infirmity rejoice;
While virtuous orphans, objects of her care,
Translated to her household, flourish'd fair.
Their well-known mansion, on the green hill side,
O'erlook'd the village with a decent pride;
But not with pompous arrogance deterr'd
The meanest wretch that there his suit preferr'd.
Its windows catch the morning's orient glow,
And flash the colours of the varying bow;
Lilacs and jess'mines form a shrubb'ry round,
And showers of rose-leaves decorate the ground,
Shook from their stems, projecting from the bush,
By gold-bill'd blackbirds and the mottled thrush,

The cultur'd garden opposite is seen,
With shelt'ring walls, and walks for ever green;
Blossoms or fruits on every branch abound,
And gentlest breezes waft their fragrance round;
Where half the village shar'd our grateful toils,
And youth and age partook the autumnal spoils.
There too the bard has rov'd, a favor'd guest,
While youthful transports warm'd his ardent breast.—
At the last bell that tinkled from the hall,
The hospitable board was spread for all
Whom business brought, or ancient friendships led,
Secure of ungrudg'd cheer and needful bed;
Round went the mantling horn, the butler's boast,
Nor one refus'd to pledge the accustom'd toast,
Till each warm heart with thankfulness o'erflows,
And gives the tongue each secret that it knows.
Where now the park extends, and useless deer
Along the solitary glades appear,
Rich corn fields wav'd in spacious prospect spread,
Nor felt one villager the want of bread.

Nor then the copse its store of game deny'd,
Withheld by av'rice, or ingross'd by pride:
Where the keen bill had clear'd the brushwood scene
Of sprouting hazle, broom, and alder green,
When thro' the bed of snow the rude stumps shoot,
The peasant trac'd the limping leveret's foot,
Or drew his net across the pathway deep,
While boys and dogs perpetual clamour keep,
And rabbits, bolting from the thickest shade,
Caught in the toils, are struggling captives made.

Literary Review.

The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer; translated into English blank Verse, by the late William Cowper, Esq. The second Edition, with copious Alterations and Notes. Prepared for the Press by the Translator, and now published with a Preface by his Kinsman, J. Johnson, L.L.B. Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough.

AS we have given our readers, in a former number, both the life and portrait of the excellent Mr. Cowper, we now bring forward the second and much improved edition of his *translation of Homer*—a most laborious performance, but executed with singular ability. To his original productions we have already paid the warm tribute of praise; we even made them the subject of analysis in the *Reflector*, explaining their nature, pointing out their beauties, and shewing that they not only amused but instructed and improved mankind. Various attempts have been made to translate the works of this ancient bard, and with various degrees of success. Pope's translation has uncommon merit; but it has been justly observed, that he has made the old gentleman too fine, decorating him in all the frippery of modern gentility. On

the other hand, Macpherson, the editor of Ossian's poems, has, in a kind of prose run mad, stripped the old bard too bare, exhibiting him to the scorn and derision of the profane multitude. Now we may safely aver, that Mr. Cowper has held a proper medium between these two censurable extremes. The sense of his author is first clearly ascertained, and then thrown into dignified verse, suited to the dignity of the subject. Some parts are truly poetical in this translation, whilst others exhibit the sentiments with fidelity. The notes are judicious and modest, they are therefore well deserving of attention. It is melancholy to think that the translator was subject to a dreadful insanity; but, in his lucid intervals, the task amused him, thus contributing in no small degree to his felicity.

Elements of general Knowledge, introductory to useful Books in the principal Branches of Literature and Science; with Lists of the most approved Authors. Designed chiefly for the junior Students in the Universities and the higher Classes in Schools. By Henry Kett, B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. In two Volumes.

SUCH is the advanced state of knowledge in the present times, that every assistance is afforded to the individual who is intent on intellectual improvement. He may either remind himself of what he has learnt, by an analysis of the different branches of literature; or he may regale himself with a series of volumes on al-

most any subject which may happen to attract his attention. Thus ignorance is left without excuse, the industrious pupil may pursue his researches with alacrity, and the prospects entertained by the human mind are widening on every side, so as to be subservient to still farther degrees of civilization and improvement.

The present work embraces a wide field of topics, including religion, languages, history, logic, mathematics, polite literature, agriculture, commerce, foreign travels, and the several professions. On each of these articles much information is communicated, and in a style marked here and there with peculiar energy. We have read this work with much pleasure, being the production of an intelligent and candid mind. We can safely recommend it to the perusal of our young readers, and we know that they will thank us for the recommendation, when they become acquainted with it. Such books we always wish to bring forward in an age abounding with trumpery novels, which poison our youth, so as to give birth to half the evils which afflict society. Against such vile productions let parents and tutors always protest; they will thus render an essential service to the rising generation.

Sermons by William Jay. One Volume octavo.

FOR a popular preacher to appear from the press, is rather a hazardous undertaking: the arts of oratory, suited to the pulpit, cannot be

transferred to paper; the piercing eye, the striking gesture, and the well regulated pause, are no more: the composition stands forward alone—the critic judges coolly on the subject—it stands or falls by the rigorous rules of impartiality! Such is the case of the volume before us. There are many excellent things in these sermons; several passages are admirable, and of a very liberal tendency—but they possess no extraordinary merit, taken together; whatever crowded audiences they may have drawn, we are persuaded that much better discourses have been preached to empty pews—such is the present capricious taste of the *religious* world!

Travels in the United States of America, commencing in the Year 1793, *and ending in* 1797; *with the Author's Journals of his two Voyages across the Atlantic. By William Priest, Musician.*

OUR traveller, in his professional capacity, took a trip to the United States, where he seems to have passed his time cheerfully, visiting several places of celebrity. This volume, though by no means profound and elaborate, contains many pleasing anecdotes respecting the manners and customs of our Transatlantic brethren. Respecting Philadelphia he observes—"Peter Brown, a blacksmith of this city, having made his fortune, set up his coach; but so far from being ashamed of the means by which he acquired his riches, he caused a large *anvil* to be painted on each pannel of his carriage, with two naked arms in the act of striking; the

motto—*By this I got ye!*" Were all carriages in the British metropolis decorated with the means by which they got them, some devices perhaps would not bear a very close inspection!

"The only Security for Peace," a Sermon preached at the Meetinghouse of the Protestant Dissenters in Sidmouth, Devonshire, on Tuesday, June 1, 1802, By Edmund Butcher.

ON so happy an occasion it was to be expected that the preachers of the universal Saviour would exert their powers for the good of their fellow-creatures. Among these Mr. B. appears with a talent creditable to his head, and with an enthusiasm honorable to his heart. From this appropriate passage in the Psalms—*Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other*—he has thrown out many excellent remarks of a pacific tendency. At the close of the discourse he hails with peculiar fervency that blessed state beyond the grave, where our wishes respecting the *perpetuity of peace* shall receive their fullest consummation.

Beauties of Edward Young, L.L.D. carefully selected from his poetical and prose Writings: including Extracts from Pieces not contained in the last Edition of his Works. With a Life of the Author.—By the Rev. J. Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullins-row, Islington.

IN the neat pocket volume now now before us are collected together the most interesting

subjects treated on by the celebrated author of the *Night Thoughts* Much pains and discrimination appear to have been bestowed by the *editor* on this selection, which must prove a valuable acquisition to the lovers of sôund sentiment and refined literature. The writings of Dr. Young are too well known to need any eulogium in the present instance; but we were pleasantly surprised to observe in this little work some valuable extracts from the *True Estimate of Human Life*—a production that does honor to the character of the author, and which is not to be found in the octavo editions of his work. A brief sketch of the life of Dr. Young, written with neatness and perspicuity, and embellished with a portrait, is prefixed to this pleasing pocket companion.

Three Discourses—on the Use of Books—on the Result and Effects of Study—on the Elements of literary Taste. Delivered at the anniversary Meetings of the Literary Society at Chichester, Jan. 1800, 1801, *and* 1802, *by the President.*

INSTRUCTIVE and ingenious remarks are here thrown together with ease and simplicity. Young persons will meet with many observations conducive to their improvement.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR AUGUST, 1802.

FROM *France* we learn with indignation that they have forbidden the perusal and circulation of *English newspapers*. These prints have contained free observations on their government and manners, at which offence has been taken. But surely innocence would not have been alarmed, and guilt alone need have its apprehensions. Had we forbid *their* newspapers, an outcry would have been instantly raised—they would have been the foremost to reprobate so iniquitous a procedure. To whatever causes the measure may be ascribed, it seems as if the government of France dreaded examination, than which nothing can be more suspicious, nothing more presumptive of its tyranny and oppression. We again repeat it—that we learnt the intelligence with mortification and astonishment.

The *general election*, by which our island has been of late much agitated, is now over: a great many new members are returned; and we trust that the new parliament will prove themselves intent in promoting the good of our country. The meeting of parliament is prorogued for a few weeks longer; the house itself is undergoing some further alterations, so that approaching winter will have to hail their deliberations.

What we have observed in our last respecting the *Turkish empire* receives daily confirma-

tion. Its internal and external condition bears strong symptoms of dissolution—nor can it be regretted by those who wish well to the interests of mankind: its ignorance and depravity, its tyranny and licentiousness, mark it out for destruction. The prophecies of holy writ seem to point out its destiny, and the *sure word of prophecy* must receive its accomplishment.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR AUGUST, 1802.

Aug. 1. ADVENTURE brig appeared to sink at Brighton—was relieved both as to the men and a good part of the property—the captain since taken, with the crew, and imprisoned, under suspicion of defrauding the underwriters.

4. Paris illuminated, on proclaiming Bonaparte consul for life.

9. Earl Howe had a splendid musical party on the river near his seat at Twickenham; the company consisted of all the most distinguished personages in the neighbourhood.

12. Birth-day of the Prince of Wales kept in London and elsewhere with great rejoicings and illuminations. At Brighton the tokens of joy were marked by uncommon splendor and festivity.

13. A balloon, constructed by a Mr. Barrett, was to have ascended from Greenwich. Immense crouds assembled, and remained from 12 to 9 at night. The experiment, however,

failed in many important respects, and the mob were roused to no small degree of resentment. It at last indeed went up with an empty cradle suspended to it, but soon descended, when it with difficulty escaped utter destruction. We are the more sorry for this failure, as it was pompously announced in the papers, and designed to exibit a superior specimen of English ingenuity. Mons. Garnerin was on the ground, and could not, we suppose, help smiling at the disappointment.

14. The fair held for the first time at Milford Haven was visited by Lord Nelson; the vessels in the harbour exhibited various colours on the occasion.

15. A singular circumstance occurred at Teignmouth: the sea at low water instantaniously rose, and fell nearly two feet in the space of ten minutes. and the fishing-smacks at sea were violently agitated. On the shores of Italy such phenomena are not uncommon, and are generally deemed forerunners of earthquakes. A similar occurrence happened at the destruction of Lisbon.

16. An accident (somewhat similar to that of the new docks) happened at Liverpool—a gate of one of the docks burst, but happily no lives were lost.

20. Another battle fought, near the Uxbridge road, between Belcher and Bourke. We merely mention such an event by way of holding up such disgraceful scenes to the abhorrence and detestation of the country!

21. Riot of the shipwrights at Greenland dock, belonging to Messrs. Randall and Brent. They have for some time been in a very refractory state, owing to their wages being somewhat reduced on the return of peace.—Their unreasonable demands were not complied with, and men from the king's yards were ordered to supply their place—these, however, they violently drove away. Magistrates and soldiers came down, the riot act was read, and many are in custody. We are very sorry to add, that Mr. Randall's agitations threw him into a fever, which carried him off in two days! He was a most worthy man, and a valuable member of society.

23. A fire balloon fell near Lincoln's Inn fields, which set fire to a quantity of dry straw belonging to some stabling, and had it not been for the exertions of a number of people passing by, who hastened immediately to the spot, the whole range of stabling would probably have been destroyed.

26. A gentleman and his wife coming from Windsor in a single horse chaise, the animal took fright, and ran against the stump of a tree, by which the chaise was overturned, and the lady (who received a contusion on her head) instantly expired. The gentleman was greatly hurt, and being taken to the nearest house, there he remains, with little hopes of recovery. The frequent accidents of this kind ought to excite the utmost care in those driving those light vehicles, which has taken away the lives of many members of society.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

WILLIAM BETTGER, Vauxhall, tailor. Timothy Scott, Coleman-street, dealer. John Marshall, late of Workington, Cumberland, linen draper. Henry Hill Harvey, Tokenhouse-yard, broker. Harriet Deborah Nesbitt, Louisa Sophia Nesbitt, and Frances Nesbitt, Piccadilly, milliners. John Froome, Bermondsey-street, Southwark, currier. Thomas Maltby and George Maltby, Size-lane, London, merchants. John Grant, Lawrence Pountney-lane, merchant. George Hancock, Exeter, leather breeches maker. Edward Lonsdale, York, linen-draper. Edward Compton, Cholderton Lains, Southampton, corn-dealer. Bernhard Kegeler, Newport, Salop, linen draper and mercer. Samuel Jackson, Liverpool, cheesemonger. Francis Colombine, David Colombine, David Colombine the younger, and Peter Colombine the younger, Norwich, merchants. John Cartwright, Newton, York, dealer and chapman. Richard Hodges, Shrewsbury, druggist. Richard Barker, Wellingborough, common carrier. Tho. Brooks, Gainsborourough, Lincolnshire, grocer. William Sunderland, Wakefield, Yorkshire, grocer. John Beltrand Dennis, St. Andrew's-hill, Doctors' commons, wine merchant. William Francis Beaumont, Mitre-court, Cheapside, wine and brandy merchant. Isaac Davis and Moses Solomon, now or late of Union-court, Broad-street, merchants. Methuselah Camon, Plymouth, grocer. William Smallwood, Greenfield-street, Whitechapel, upholder. Joseph Hardy, Leadenhall-street, London, silversmith. Robert Easto, Weybread, Suffolk,

butcher. Alexander Geddes, Mark-lane, London, merchant. Richard Weston, Shepton-Mallet, Somerset, liquor merchant. John Kendrick the elder, Birmingham, bellows-maker. John Heale, Beckington, Somerset, baker. Henry Crosoer, Bridge, Kent, linen weaver. Abraham De Mendes, late of the pavement, Moorfields, London, merchant. William Sealy the younger, late of Rettendon, Essex, farmer. Wm. Compton Holder, Ross, Hereford, money-scrivener. Avery Warner, Marlborough, Wilts, stocking manufacturer. Stephen Self, Halesworth, Suffolk, corn merchant. Thomas Thomas, Streatham-street, Bloomsbury, jeweller. John Lloyd, Woolwich, victualler. John Brown, Goldsmith-street, warehouseman. Thomas Rogerson, Oxford-street, linen draper. George Elliot and George Pickard, Wood-street, Cheapside, velvet-ribbon and fancy-trimming manufacturer. Edward Crean, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, carpenter and builder. Thomas Horton, Lawrence Pountney-hill, dry-salter. Thomas Wrightson, Doncaster, mercer. James Jackman, Exeter, linen draper. Richard Behenne, late of Penryn, Cornwall, malster. Wm. Heald, Wakefield, Timothy Heald, Wakefield, Richard Henry Heald, Wakefield, Joseph Heald, King-street, London, and Richard Foster, Wakefield, merchants. John Last, late of All Saints, South Elmham, Suffolk, shopkeeper. Daniel Simpson, late of Broad-street buildings, warehouseman. John Boulton, St. Martin's-lane, upholder. Christopher Clark, Buckingham-street, Strand, victualler. John Calderwood, Clarence-place, Pentonville, wine merchant. William Naylor, Liverpool, timber merchant.

BIRTHS.

At Wimbledon, at the house of her father, Sir Stephen Lushington, Bart. the lady of Col. Onslow, of twins.—At Creedy, near Exeter, the lady of Sir John Davie, Bart. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 17th instant, at Lullington church, Col. Twisden to Miss Dyke, daughter of Sir J. Dixon Dyke, Bart. of Lullingstone Castle, Kent.—About three weeks ago, Mr. Mimmack, farmer, of Holbeach-Horn, aged 63, to Miss Woodward, of Seaford, aged 20.—Lately, Lieut. Cobb, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Amelia Sophia Borton, daughter of the late Royston Borton, Esq. of Colchester.—On Thursday morning, at Winchester House, the Hon. and Rev. Thomas De Orey, second son of Lord Walsingham, to Miss Elizabeth North, fourth daughter of the Bishop of Winchester.

DEATH.

On the 3d of this month, at Berlin, most deservedly lamented, his Royal Highness Prince Frederic Henry Lewis of Prussia, great uncle of the reigning king, general of infantry, colonel of foot, Provost of Magdebourg, &c. &c. This truly great and good man, whose memory as a great statesman and warrior will live to the latest ages, had caused his sepulchre to be built, opposite his sitting-room, two years previous to his dissolution.